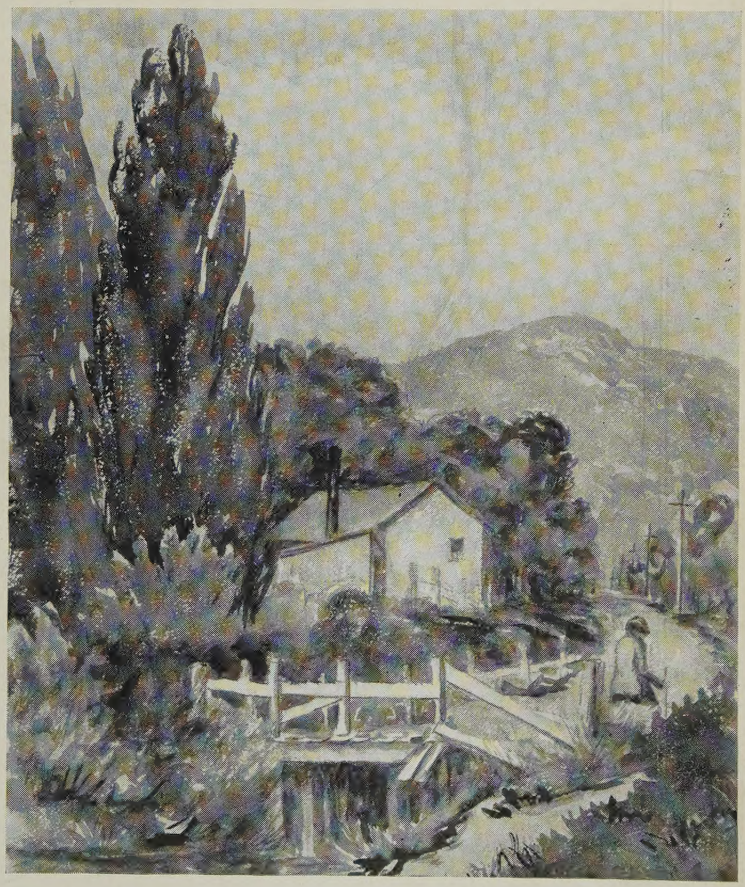
The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXIII AUGUST, 1936 No. 8



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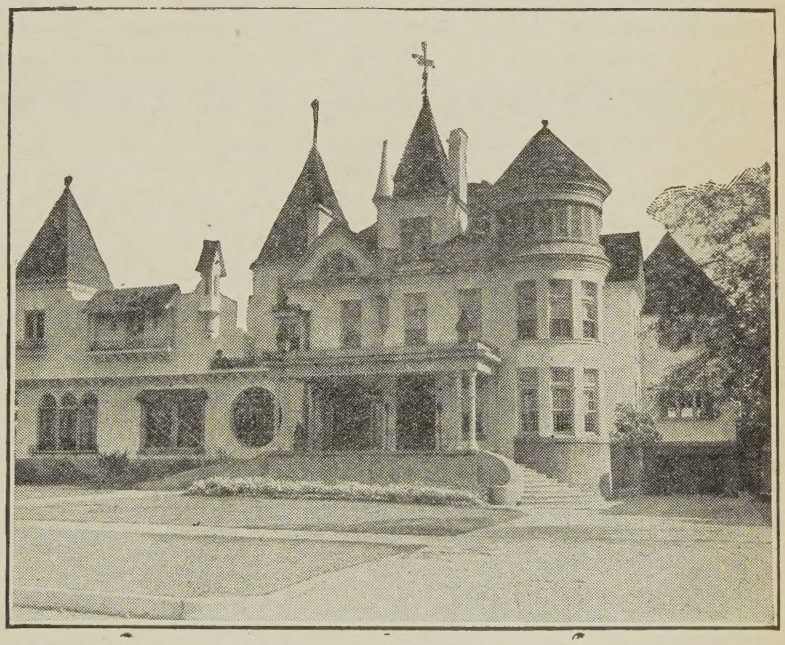

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII AUGUST, 1936 No. 8

CONTENTS

Help Me To Live ..... Leona F. Forsgren 469
Frontispiece 470
The Radiance of a New Day ..... Joseph Quinney, Jr. 471
Mrs. Benson Takes a Hand ..... Ivy W. Stone 472
Feet Above Clay ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 477
Grandmother's Teapot ..... Isabelle B. McKenzie 482
Nature and Mother's Love ..... Hettie P. Fackrell 484
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 485
Half a Million Dollars For a Bible ..... Ramona W. Cannon 486
Faith ..... Claire S. Boyer 491
On the Trails of the Old Kaibab ..... Elsie Chamberlain Carroll 492
Baby Rosebuds ..... Merling D. Clyde 496
Transplanted ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 497
Eliza Roxy Snow Memorial Poem Contest 505
In Memoriam ..... Elizabeth Spori Stowell 506
My Hooked Rag Rug ..... Della Adams Leitner 506
The Portal of Life ..... Ada Hurst Brown 507
Consolation ..... Susa B. Gudmund 509
Notes from the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 510
Notes to the Field 514
Editorials:
A Profitable Vacation 515
Congratulations 516
Old-Fashioned Things ..... Viola Stone Card 516
Lesson Department 517
Magazine Drive 533
Birthday Present ..... Alice Lee Eddy 535

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3540

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

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for the coming year commences NOW. How is your subscription to the "Relief Society Magazine?" Don't leave it until the year is partly over and it is impossible to get back numbers to make your lesson work complete.

Help Me To Live

By Leona F. Forsgren

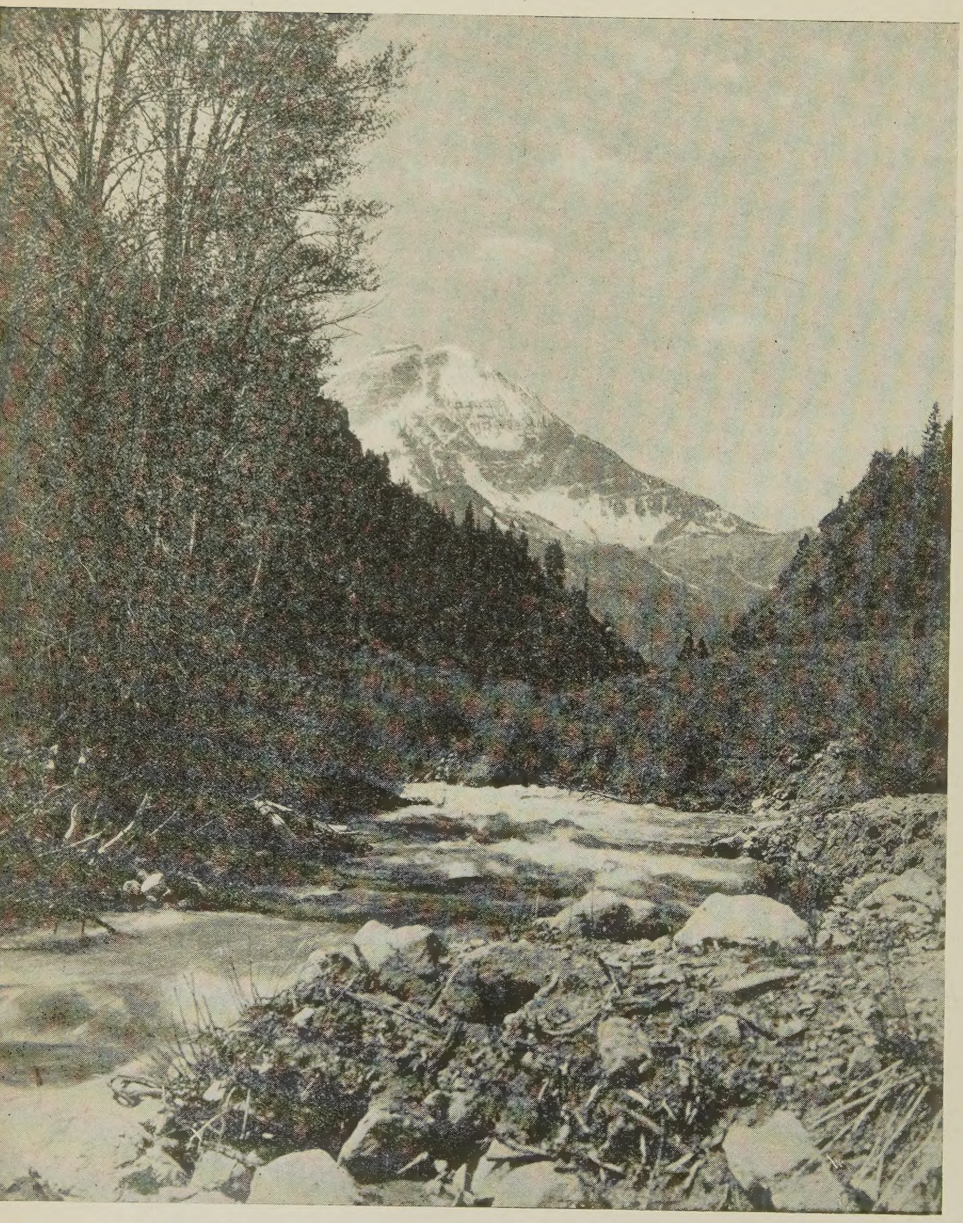
Lord, help me live that I may grow more kindly,
My faith in Thee grow stronger day by day;
Help me to be sincere and true and humble
That Thou wilt hear my pleadings when I pray.

Help me, dear Lord, to hear and see things clearly,
Refrain from judging where I can not see;
Help me to ease the lonely heart that's aching,
To comfort those who're deprived of sympathy.

Help me that I may share my neighbor's sorrow,
And have a heart that feels another's woe;
To know the healing comfort of forgiveness,
To carry love and cheer where'er I go.

Help me to guard my erring tongue from evil,
To speak no ill, nor e'er offensive be;
To curb my temper e'en in greatest trial,
From thoughts of malice, envy, or revenge be free.

For life's way, at its best, is long and lonely,
So help me, Lord, to keep love in my soul,
Help me to e'er hold kindness in my keeping,
And set the "love of others" as my goal.



MT. TIMPANOGOS FROM AMERICAN FORK CANYON

The Relief Society Magazine

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The Radiance of a New Day

By Joseph Quinney, Jr.

THE dawn of this new day is radiant with hope, it brings me faith and the glow of love. The yester-years are closed, they are forever closed and passed beyond the power of my control, all I have of them are memories. But this new day is radiant, it gives me strength to reach its close with unfaltering step, yea, undaunted courage.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with the light of God, indeed, "That which is of God is light, and this light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day." So says the Seer of this new day. This holy light of truth belongs to God, it is the glory of His presence and the saving power of His beloved Son. It is the foundation of life and the song of our salvation. This new day is the light of truth.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with exalted thought. I look up to a power above to guide and give light, it's my day to pray, to think and meditate, to have God know my heart and song; it is the power of Him who loves and gives. This new day belongs to me, it *is* my day of thought.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with promise of new born truth, it's the holy torch that lights the way to eternal things and reveals to us God's great gifts, it gives us vision to see the good and the wisdom of the past and invites us into the portals of the just.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with the joy of everlasting friends. They are the priceless gifts of God, and are the ones who believe in us and we in them. They hold our gift of trust and in them reside the holy love of confidence. Every beautiful thought we know, every precious sentiment we feel shines out of them in radiance and the glow of light is with them. They are the jewels of the ages.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with the gift of gratitude. It glows with light and splendor. The message of this new day is cheerfulness, calm courage and good will. It tells us of the Christ. It bids us live without hate, envy and jealousy, and move forward in the sacred path of trust and radiate life with all that's fine, beautiful and soul satisfying.

The dawn of this new day is radiant with vision of the perfect gifts of God. "The path of truth, higher living, truer development in every phase of life is never shut from the individual until he closes it himself." Ah; this day of all great days has dawned, it is the golden day and belongs to God, to bring it to a close with all that's fine in life and to crown it with the glory of the Lord.

Mrs. Benson Takes a Hand

In Which Pastry Wins Over "Pothooks"

By Ivy W. Stone

MR. BENSON, affectionately known to his many friends as "The Judge" was still exploring the wilds of the Salmon River. As the children laughingly remarked he was enjoying a "wifeless honeymoon," riding over rapids in a rubber boat, hunting beavers and bears with movie camera, and generally roughing it in the wild region. But though it left Mrs. Benson alone at nights, she vehemently rejected the suggestions of the children that she board around with them until their father's return.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she cried indignantly. "Why should I be afraid to stay alone? Only guilty folks are afraid, and I have no troubled conscience. I shall enjoy the peace and quiet. Besides, I would have to come traipsing back to feed the canary, and water the plants and cover the chrysanthemums, and just what would poor old blind Samson do without me?" This last statement was a true climax to her argument; for the six Benson children, in spite of marriage and responsibility, loved "Old Samson" indulgently.

"Well, be sure to lock your doors as soon as it gets dark, and keep the windows latched and draw the blinds before you turn on the lights. No use in inviting trouble, and this depression has made people desperate. Paste all our telephone numbers on the wall, so if you are molested—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mrs. Benson, chafing under the supervision of her too solicitous children. "I won't eat pie after midnight, and I won't go to the night club, and I'll go to bed at nine and get up at five."

THUS it happened that at seven o'clock on a dark, drizzling November night, Mrs. Benson stood at the window of her darkened parlor, with her hands cupped against the pane, and deliberately eavesdropped. She felt a sense of guilt, but reasoned that the cause justified the act. Out under the sturdy old oak tree that her Grandfather Pace had planted fully fifty years before, a young girl was waiting. Keen intuition told Mrs. Benson that something was wrong with this trysting place. For several nights now, the girl had come first; later a man had appeared, and about nine o'clock they had gone their separate ways. But tonight, Mrs. Benson was filled with apprehension. The girl carried a small handbag, and that meant flight, with the all too frequent clandestine marriage with years of regret to follow. Why couldn't young girls, like their older mothers, understand that men who meet girls secretly on dark, secluded corners mean only harm? Unashamed, Mrs. Benson kept her hands cupped at the window. The young girl paced nervously back and forth under the protection offered by the wide spreading boughs.

How could she stop this elopement? How could she save this girl? How could she expose this vulture? These questions raced through Mrs. Benson's brain with lightning rapidity, and then the great inspiration came. "Keep the house in darkness until your blinds are

drawn," the children had admonished. Quickly she turned off the one light shining in the kitchen. Guided by a small flash light, she ran to the basement meter box and pulled the switch. Retracing her steps she turned on every globe in the house, and set the radio at top volume. The bed lights, the sink lights, the little clusters, over the fire place, the six bridge lamps, even both porch drops were included. Every blind was rolled to the top. Again she found the meter box and pushed up the switch. Instantly the house was flooded with brilliancy. Quickly Mrs. Benson ran through the illuminated rooms, swung wide the front door, and cried out loudly to the night, the darkness, and the little slip of a girl waiting under the old oak tree.

"Help! Fire! Murder! Police! Burglars! Robbers! Murder!" She acted hysterical and ran straight to the astonished girl and grabbed her convulsively. "O come and help me —there are robbers in my home—I am a defenseless old woman—I dare not go in again—they will be alarmed when they see two of us! Hurry! My sterling silver! My diamond rings!" She literally grabbed the astonished girl and pulled her up the walk, up the steps, into the house, just as the headlights of a slowly cruising car turned down the street from the highway. Once in the house, the raucous tones of the rampant radio drowned the guarded honking of the car that had stopped opposite the old oak tree.

The two women looked at each other for the first time. To her astonishment, Mrs. Benson recognized young Frances Pace, the eighteen year old daughter of her cousin Francis Pace, whose wife had died when this only child was born. The beautiful, slight, ultra feminine girl, with her large, expressive brown eyes, stood self accused before the older woman. "Mercy Child!" Mrs. Benson raised her own voice to compete with the radio as she hastily drew the blinds, "The Good Lord must have sent you this way tonight. I never was so frightened in my life." Even above the radio, she caught the echo of a louder honking on that car.

"I'm running away, cousin Agnes," little Frances spoke in the calm even tones of a person who has burned all his bridges. "Father locked me in my room and said I couldn't come out until I promised to learn shorthand and spelling and typewriting. He says I have to become a good court reporter. So I put some things into my bag, climbed out the window, and I'm to meet Mr. Howard under your oak tree."

From a rare wisdom gained from rearing her own half dozen, Mrs. Benson did not scold or disapprove. She smiled encouragingly and Frances continued,

"Mr. Howard's older than I am, but he's going to take me to Kansas City to live with his sister until he gets his divorce, and then we can be married. I never could be a good reporter, Cousin Agnes, but I could be a wonderful cook!"

"Reporter! Fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Benson's voice spoke her contempt for such a profession. "No normal girl wants to hang around a court house, taking the testimony of thieves and foreigners, and the airing of family linen, and the haranguing of lawyers and the evasions and lies and manipulations that make up the modern court room. The Judge gets fed up with it aplenty. But cooking is different. A woman can take pride in a golden brown loaf of bread, and a beautiful salad is a joy forever."

"Father says I have to be a reporter. He says it was disappointment enough to have his only child a girl, and that I must make amends for that short coming in every way possible. It's his ambition to have the court reporter of Lesson county a member of the *Pace* family for generations to come. He says his father was a pioneering sheriff, his grandfather the first judge, and he's been the court reporter for forty years. I have to carry on—"

"Reporters are becoming *passe.* Already they're like a horse and surry on the city streets. The Judge says it's only a matter of sentiment that keeps your father there now. They don't want to hurt his feelings. Machines are taking the place of court reporters, and your father ought to be told."

"Father is teaching me himself. The good old dependable system of logical phonetics. It was invented by Pittman & Howard. 'p, b, t, d, ch, ja, k, f, v, ith, z, ish,' she chanted in a listless monotone. 'The same sign above the line, on the line, and under the line means three different words. If you make a mark heavy it's one thing, and if it's light it's another. Half length is one word—full length another. There are just hundreds of vowels like 'e, a, aw, awe, o, oo; we, wa, waw, way, wo, woo. It's worse than Chinese and Russian and Hindu, all mixed together. I hate it and I hate a typewriter, but I *love to cook!* I don't want to run away and get married either, but it seemed the only thing to do." She opened the old-fashioned reticule that had belonged to her mother and dumped a toothbrush, wash cloth and her mother's portrait onto the table. "I guess I didn't bring much," she finished lamely.

"Frances Elsie Pace," Mrs. Benson faced the half defiant, half hysterical girl and spoke frankly. "If I will be a bulwark against your father; if I will make him let you be a normal girl, with ribbons and friends and parties; if you never have to write another one of those stupid pothooks; if he will promise to let you grow into a lovely womanly woman, instead of a poor makeshift for a son; will you, will you stay with me tonight, and forget the man you expected to meet?"

For answer the doorbell rang and the girl turned pallid. "O," she cried as the pent up tears coursed down her cheeks; "O, don't let him see me; don't let him in; I don't want to run away. I'd like to make a cake with pink icing and a lemon pie!"

Mrs. Benson pushed her into the bedroom, and stalked majestically toward the front door. Momentarily she longed for the little pearl handled pistol that had served so effectively a short while before. But whatever her inward fear, none of it was evident as she looked boldly at the man who waited on the porch.

"Good evening Madam." His manner was certainly suave. "I was expecting to meet a friend out under this tree, and she, that is, my friend isn't there. Did you, by any chance, see her?"

"Girls who meet men after dark are not in the habit of calling on me," answered Mrs. Benson stiffly. The door closed, and she breathed a silent prayer that she had not actually lied. Again she cupped her hands against the pane and peered into the night, until she heard the welcome purr of the disappearing car.

THEY slept together, and Mrs. Benson got out the pink silk spread and the hand embroidered sheets. They talked far into the night of foolish, girlish pranks and

ideals; of the latest fashions and the new popular color "honey dew;" Mrs. Benson quoted recipes for cookies and cakes; told of her first wifely failures. Finally, at two in the morning, the youthful Frances Elsie Pace fell asleep, her face pillowed against an old waxen doll that Mrs. Benson had resurrected. "I never had a beautiful big doll," she admitted sleepily. "I guess it looks silly to you, but I'd love to take this doll and dress it. Father says dolls are silly, and he bought me a typewriter when I was ten. 'a, s, d, f, g; h, j, k, l, ;' " she muttered, her slender fingers tapping against the pillow in the typist's ritual until blessed relief came from the realms of Morpheus.

THE next morning Mrs. Benson called upon her cousin Francis Pace at an extremely early hour. She had alwyays resented his dogmatic manner of sweeping all obstacles aside to achieve a desired end, but this treatment of his daughter was just too much.

"I want to see your daughter *Elsie,"* she announced, purposely using the second name which had been her mother's.

"Francis Pace, known as the state's finest, most accurate court stenographer bowed deeply, and bid his cousin be seated.

"My daughter Frances is doing penance in her room. I locked her in last night, because she defied my orders. She refused to take her shorthand lesson."

"You'd better see if she's still there." Mrs. Benson could hardly repress a smile. Francis deserved to suffer intensively, for a while. Something in her manner and voice told him that all was not right. He pulled a key from his pocket and with ramrod erectness walked sedately upstairs. Mrs. Benson heard his dignified tread over the carpeted floor to the unused bed, where the fleeing girl had pinned her brief note. Then came steps, hurried, tumbling, minus all dignity, as Francis, wildly waving the crumpled note, almost tumbled down the stairs.

"She's gone!" he cried dramatically. "My daughter has run away! *My* reputation is ruined! *My* ambitions are blighted! *My* aspirations are foiled! *My* shame will be broadcast over the land!" He dropped into his office chair and laid his head upon his desk.

In wise silence Mrs. Benson let him suffer. Finally as his self pity waned slightly she asked:

"Now that you realize what will happen to *you,* suppose we decide what has happened to Elsie?"

"I'll track the villian to the ends of the earth. I'll contact the sheriffs in every state; I'll have him brought back for trial under the Mann act; I'll—"

"And you can record the court proceedings for the entire case," added Mrs. Benson, wickedly cruel.

When she felt he had suffered enough she went on: "Thanks to the good old oak tree planted by our mutual grandfather, and the good Lord making me a meddlesome woman, your daughter is in my kitchen at this very minute, making cakes and pies and candy. She's probably burned her fingers, and forgotten the baking powder, and drowned her miller, and used every pot and pan in the cupboards, but she's having a wonderful time learning to cook."

"Learing to cook!" mocked Francis Pace, feeling his dignity being trampled in the dust by designing women. "Any moron can learn to cook. *My* child shall be a famous court reporter; she will learn to transcribe the testimony of aliens;

she will attain a world record for typing; she will carry the name of *Pace* to glory—"

"Then you shouldn't have married a pretty, little clinging vine type of woman who breathed femininity. I fear you know more about law than you do about eugenics, Francis," she admonished. "Now I want your check for two hundred dollars," she added nonchalantly. "Elsie and I are going shopping this afternoon. She is to have a formal gown with gold slippers; a complete tennis outfit from balls to the swankiest suit the town boasts; we will look up a music teacher, and you can unlock the piano and have it tuned; she is to have an ivory bedroom suite, with pink silk drapes and bedspread, and a rose-colored rug, and she is to go to a co-educational college this next year. You've tampered with Nature long enough, Francis Pace. The good Lord meant her to be a woman, or He wouldn't have created her as one. *Court reporter!*" Mrs. Benson waved her hands to show her contempt.

"And if I refuse your foolish request," began Francis the capable, who had never been crossed.

"She'd do better at her second attempt to run away," warned Mrs. Benson. "This gloomy old house, with your antique mahogany and horsehair furniture is enough to turn any girl away from home. I believe you got it out of the ark! Elsie'll be the light of this home if you'll only let her; she'll be sunshine and moonbeams, and rippling laughter and happiness and youth; she'll keep you young and open the door to true living for you both. I gave her my word, she'd never have to write another pothook, and a Pace, you know Francis, never breaks his word."

"Are you sure the two hundred dollars will be enough?" meekly asked Francis. He would show this assertive, dominating cousin of his that he could be a good loser.

"While we're shopping you can box up her typewriter until she goes away to college; and incidentally, Francis, 'Pittman's Compendium of Phonetic Symbols' would make an excellent blaze in your parlor grate this evening. It's rather cool."

THAT night Mrs. Benson did not need the admonition of her children to draw the blinds and retire early. Her feet ached; she had visited every smart shop and every furniture store in the entire town. She had even tried out the tennis racket in her own back yard. Mentally happy, she was physically exhausted, and was well tucked in bed when her daughters arrived.

"I'm tired because I was up most of the night with a burglar," was the enigmatic information she grudgingly gave to their solicitous questionings.

Feet Above Clay

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

DON'T know why you insist on staying with them. I'm not going places to be stared at —or pitied."

"Oh, Sam. They don't do that. There are too many like us for that. Besides I am a class leader."

"Go on—go on. Far be it from me to suggest you quit before you are dropped as you were at the club."

"Sam. How can you say such a thing? I don't think—."

"Good thing. It's more comfortable to not. All I have done the last three months is think." He pushed his plate away with sharp distaste and rose from the table. "I wish I was stupid so I couldn't think." Lucy followed him into their small sitting room.

"I wish you wouldn't be bitter, dear."

"Bitter." Sam Peters gave a short hard laugh. He waved his arm to indicate the small room, the shabby furniture. "Twenty years of hoping and planning and working and it nets us—this. The trouble with you is you don't recognize a snub when you get one. Get this. I am coming home with work this evening or I am not coming. Do you hear? I am not coming. No man is better than one who can't provide."

"Sam—", but he was gone banging the door to behind him.

Lucy stood paralyzed. It would do no good to talk to him. He wouldn't listen. He could not hear with that hard glitter in his eye. Only once before in their twenty years of married life had she seen it. She had not forgotten the least detail of that time. There was nothing she could do.

WHERE is the dessert?" From the dining room came the question of her twelve and fourteen year old boys.

"Never mind the dessert," Rita told her brothers. "You are lucky to get stew these days. Can the remarks about it, too. Here are your caps."

The door slammed and they were gone. Lucy turned back to the dining room. Rita was so brusk, so—so brittle but her tone left no place for self pity. She looked up as her mother came into the room.

"He is gone."

"I heard. But after all, Moms, he is right. There is nothing gained by struggling. We are poor white trash now and we might as well get acquainted with the idea."

"Where's Annise? Didn't she come home for lunch?"

"In on her bed."

The mother went into the small stuffy room. Face down on her pillow lay her first-born.

"Annise."

No answer.

"Annise, come eat, dear. You will be late to school."

"Not going. Not ever again." The tones though muffled were bitter.

Taking the girl by the shoulders Lucy turned her. "Annise, are you ill?"

"Please, Mother. The white hurt face turned again to the pillow. Lucy rose heavily.

BACK at the table she stopped again. In a high-chair by the window little crippled Marie sat, drumming endlessly with a spoon. Rita was hurridly piling the dishes together.

"What happened to Annise?"

Rita seemed about to not answer. Then she gave the knives and forks she held a vicious throw. They fell with a clatter among the dishes.

"They gave her the air. The crowd I mean. Beth didn't invite her to her party and Jim is taking Enid Crowe."

Suddenly Lucy's legs buckled under her. She groped for a chair.

"But, Rita, she has counted on it so. This being her last year and all." She could not bring herself to say that this meant Annise's last contact with the old crowd. "She has never been left out before. She even made over her dress."

"So what?" Rita gave her mother a swift glance as she passed taking the dishes to the kitchen. "And, of course," as she came back, "It would be that snooty Enid Jim is taking." Her tone sharpened. "Ann is crazy. Catch me losing tears over a high-hat crowd. As I said before we have come down in the world and we might as well get acquainted with the idea."

"Rita," Lucy sat suddenly erect. "You are not still going—you are not—?"

"At least," Rita interrupted, "he doesn't spoil his face being democratic when he finds out where I live. Nor does he lift his eyebrows over my clothes."

"No one in the ward does that."

"Oh, no? Have it your own way. Mother, dear, you have a lot to learn. In the meantime I am going to Crows Nest with Buzz tonight."

There was a knock at the kitchen door. Rita gave her mother a swift kiss, snatched her books and sped out through the front.

LUCY went to the door.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Smith. Come in."

"No." The other woman waited on the steps. "I just wanted to tell you I'll keep Marie while you go to meeting."

"Meeting? That's right, but I am not going."

"You are not going? What happened?"

"Nothing—and everything."

Over the visitor's face came a look of alarm. She opened her mouth to speak, gulped, and then blurted out.

"Don't you dare let it get you down, Lucy Peters. A year ago I wouldn't have dared to—to—take help. I took pride in my home and family. Look at us now. We gave up everything. I couldn't take it. Don't you dare do that. You go," she demanded fiercely "teach your class. Give Marie to me."

"Alright," she answered slowly, "I will go this time but I will tell the President to get someone in my place. And I will appreciate your taking care of Marie. It takes me so long to walk when I have to wheel her."

BACK in the sitting room Lucy dropped into a chair. The clock on the radio ticked loudly. Minutes were passing. Years were passing. In this small strange-feeling house the years came tumbling about her bringing with them the wreck of her hopes, her dreams, her sense of well-being. Life had hit them and as Mrs. Smith had said they couldn't take it. Why? She didn't know. Sam had done all a man could do. They had been lucky to trade their equity in their home for a larger equity in this small place. If they had to they could sell the radio as

they had the other good furniture. People had been happy before radios were invented. Some people in small houses were happy and contented now. It must be her fault. Women were responsible for the spirit of their homes. If she had done her part right they could laugh at disappointments and heart aches. Why hadn't she?

Rising she dressed mechanically and taking her magazine and papers left the house. Left the unwashed dishes. Left a tight-lipped girl face down on her pillow. When she got back they would still be there but would Sam?

OUTSIDE the air was balmy. From the apple tree by the house a robin was pouring a song of gladness into a world that was all wrong. Yesterday there had been a rain. It had left the inside cool but outside there was a lingering of spring. Spring was the time for hope and beginnings. Some times it was for endings. What was the matter with her. Grandmother Jensen had crossed the plains and lived through the cricket war when food was much more scarce than it was now. But her husband hadn't threatened to run away or kill himself.

As she neared the corner the bus passed. She was late but she couldn't afford to ride. A dime would buy a soup bone or vegetables to put in the soup. For no reason at all she laughed aloud. A woman passing stared at her. Let her stare. Why not? If Sam didn't come home tonight everyone would stare—and whisper. She turned to cross the street. Out this far they were muddy from the rain. She slipped and jerked suddenly to keep from falling. That started a throbbing in her head.

On the opposite side she stopped to wipe her shoes. What a mess. They reminded her of something. What was it? Mud? No, clay. Clay. That was it, feet of clay.

That was what was wrong with her. Her feet were of clay. All her life they had kept her bound to earth. In her early married days she had tried to soar with Sam but her feet had clung to common things. When she had taken this class Sam had to help her. Of course, long since she had learned to study it by herself but with her family she had failed. She had kept house for them, and clothed and fed them but she had failed in her real work. She should have known what to do about Sam and his bitterness. She should have known how to ease a young girl's heartache. Women with feet of clay could only get work to help out. They could not break through the brittleness of a girl like Rita.

Again she laughed. A great one she was to teach a lesson on Gifts of the Spirit. She had no gift of the spirit—only of the body. Today would be her last lesson. Tomorrow she would accept her feet of clay. A year from now she would be like the Smiths, ceasing to struggle, thankful to have someone else carry the burden.

She walked spiritlessly with drooped head. Women were going in her direction, singly and in groups of two and three. They were the women she was to inspire, to point a way to better living. These women secure, serene, prosperous looking. Why had she taken the class in the first place?

SHE was too late for officers' meeting. She took her seat near the head of the room. The president nodded and smiled. She nodded in reply but her eyes were bleak and

cold. How could these women sing so joyously? Their Sams had work and their feet were not of clay. Clay gets cracked and hard and ugly.

Then it was time for the lesson. Lucy rose slowly. "Dear Lord," she prayed, "help me to put this over. Help me to forget Sam and my own limitations." She laid her book and notes on the table and looked over the upturned faces. There they were, eager, expectant. For a few moments she was panicky, stumbling aimlessly about. Then slowly within her something came to her assistance, directing her thoughts, guiding her questions. It was as if while that Something went on with the lesson Lucy Peters stood at the side looking on. There was Mrs. Summers, for instance, wrapped about in a cloak of learning. Why wasn't she teaching the class?

Lucy Peters turned her eyes quickly away and met the adoring ones of little Mrs. Henry. Mrs. Henry usually watched her but today her expression was different. Was it pity? No, not from Mrs. Henry. Lucy remembered when this woman had first entered her class. Odd, rather old-fashioned, slightly dull, it had seemed there was so little could be done about her. And she had been so eager to talk. Now her expressions were more faltering but consistent. Her eyes were brighter but not bright enough. She too had feet of clay. The discussion finished. As she sat down Lucy heard a deep sigh from the class. The President rose.

"Surely after this lesson it will be easy for us to rise to our feet and express our thanks and acknowledge—"

THEN Lucy couldn't stand it any longer. She rose unsteadily and went outside. On the cement step she sat down. She couldn't go home yet. Rita would be there and Annise, but Sam—. Anyway she must speak to the president. Through the slightly raised window the murmur of voices reached her. She heard one then another. Some one was quoting. She tried to catch the thought but it was gone. Then the meeting time was over and Mrs. Henry was sitting beside her.

"Did you get sick?"

"Yes—no. That is, I felt faint."

"You're sick. I know you are." The woman's head nodded in affirmation of her own judgment. "I knew it when you first came in."

Others passed. They stopped to say how much they had enjoyed the lesson. Still the President didn't come.

"You make something alive and beautiful about each lesson," she looked up to see Mrs. Summers standing beside her. "I needed help so much today." She passed on.

Lucy's eyes widened in unbelief. Mrs. Summers needing help? She was so self sufficient. Then Lucy remembered hearing that troubles are not all the same, but all have them. She became aware that the woman beside her was talking.

"—seems like I just learned to live since I've been in your class."

SUDDENLY Lucy was running toward home. She could not endure the suspense another minute. She had made a success of the class after all. She must DO something with her home. Men didn't run away from HOMES. Girls in HOMES did not turn brittle and go to places like Crows Nest.

When home was only a block away she stopped, breathing hard. If only Sam wouldn't be there yet. No, if he would be there. What DID she mean? She ran into the street.

There was a sudden loud screeching of brakes. Lucy was on the ground with a sharp pain in her hip. People were bending over her.

"I couldn't help it," she heard a voice saying, "she ran right in front of the truck."

"Yes," another added, "she was running with her head down."

She opened her eyes and looked about slowly. Yes, they could help her up. No, she wasn't hurt—much. She clung to the supporting hands.

"Lucy." She turned her head. Her senses reeled. Arms she knew and loved went about her. She fainted.

LUCY'S eyes fluttered open. A roomful of faces were swimming crazily about her. She wished they would quit whirling but she could not speak to tell them so for something kept tagging at her mind confusing her. It was gentle and pleasant but persistent. It was something she must remember. It would help her. The faces blurred and her eyes closed. Through an open window came the murmur of voices passing on the street. That was it. A voice through the open window, this afternoon, quoting.

"—to build faith. To strengthen morals. To open doors of learning—."

She could sleep now.

WHEN Lucy Peters opened her eyes again she was fully conscious. Above her were the faces of her family, white and waiting. Panic swept over her. She tried to rise from the bed.

"Easy."

She turned and a sigh of unutterable relief escaped her.

"Sam. You did come back." His lips touched her forehead as they had not done for many months. They were all there, her precious ones. Rita, and Annise was looking only troubled not heart broken.

"Muvver," little Marie cooed, "us loves you."

Lucy closed her eyes quickly. Her hand groped and found Sam's.

"I'm glad. I'm glad," she whispered. "I have just discovered I can do it."

"Do what?" They looked at each other. Had the shock touched her head?

"Do my work. Make a home for you all. A real home I mean."

"Who said you couldn't?" Rita demanded. "You've been making a pretty snappy job if you ask me. We always knew that but we have discovered several other things this last hour."

Lucy scarcely heard her.

"I can do it," she said softly. "I can do it because my feet are not in clay. My trying has lifted them above it as we were promised it would. My feet are above clay."

"You telling us?" Rita demanded.

Grandmother's Teapot

By Isabelle B. McKenzie

Scene 1

(Martha Wells enters, throws herself into a chair, fanning herself with her apron.)

Martha: Oh dear, I *am* so hot and tired! How glad I am that the canning and pickling are over for another year! It does seem so foolish to peel so many tiny onions, when the stores offer such attractive pickles and preserves. (Sighs) But, then, my family always like Mother's things best.

(Knock at door. Martha admits the magazine agent.)

Martha: Good afternoon, Sister McKenzie. It's nice of you to stop in. Sit down.

Agent: Would you like to subscribe for our Relief Society Magazine?

Martha: I took it for years, and I always enjoyed it, but I just can't take it this year. I'm sorry.

(Exit agent.)

Martha: (*Talking to herself*) I just won't go to Relief Society when I haven't an idea what the lesson is about. I always used to be prepared, but last year I felt downright silly, for I never had a chance to get the lesson. I thought surely I'd be able to take it this year, but—(*knock at door*) Oh, hello Sister Ryberg.

Sister Ryberg: Why Sister Wells, aren't you ready? The president wants all officers and visiting teachers to go early for special instructions before the regular meeting.

Martha: No, I will not be able to go today. Please have me excused.

Sister Ryberg: It is still early. I will wait for you. I picked up the magazine before I left home, and found such a nice poem. It always makes me think of my dear mother's quilts. Listen, I'll read it to you. (*Reads poem*) Don't you love poetry? There are always so many good poems in each number. Aren't you going to get ready?

Martha: No, not today. I can't go, so there is no use waiting. Another time, maybe.

Sister Ryberg: I am sorry. Well, I'll try to drop in and tell you about the meeting. Goodbye.

(Exit.)

(Martha closes the door then stands at the side of the window looking down the street.)

Martha: There they come in twos and threes, all going to meeting. I'll just stand back so they won't see me. There go Ann Harris and Sarah Hayes, the quilters, President Cameron with her counsellors, went some time ago. There's Sister Morris and Sister Pratt the art teachers. I bet they have a lot of new ideas. There's Sister Webber and Grant, they are the ones who show you how to make new clothes out of old ones. There's Sister Cannon, all primed with splendid social welfare plans. I guess Velma will give the lesson today. I love her lessons. (*Sighs deeply*) Musical director, chorister, gay, laughing. Marjorie Stewart, all will be there but me! Oh, dear. (*Puts apron to eyes and cries.*)

(Enter Margaret—kneels by her mother's side, arms around her.)

Margaret: Mother, darling, what is the matter? What has happened? Have you had bad news? Tell me, quick.

(Martha sobs quietly for a few minutes, then dries her eyes.)

Martha: No dear, I just feel a little blue today. Indulging in a bit of foolish self-pity, I guess. All the neighbors have gone to Relief Society Meeting, and I felt a little lonely.

Margaret: Why didn't you go? You always like the first meeting. It looks as if your pickles are all finished.

Martha: Well, I don't intend to go any more. That's why.

Margaret: Why not? For mercy's sake what reason have you? Has some one hurt your feelings?

Martha: I can't keep up with the lessons unless I have the magazine, and I simply can't afford it this year. Will is going to need so much more at the U, and Beth can't go to High School in the same old made overs she wore at grade school. What with your father only working half-time and the twins forever kicking through a pair of shoes, I just can't manage a whole dollar for the magazine.

Margaret: (*Kissing her*) Poor little mother. It always has to come out of your life! How I wish Tom had a better job so I could help you! Maybe things will be better soon. Something lovely may be just around the corner.

Martha: You're such a comfort, honey. How foolish I am! Really I am the most fortunate of women, with such a kind husband and such a wonderful family. Margaret, I believe while you are here to hand me the things from the high shelves, I'll clean the pantry shelves.

Margaret: That's a fine idea. I'd like to help. Where's an apron?

(Action bringing in dishes, and washing them.)

Martha: Margaret, I am awfully proud of Will's fine record at school. He's such a steady boy. Our children are dears—Beth is getting sweeter every day. And when I look across the street and see Sister Evan's little Paul sitting their in his wheel chair, I feel truly grateful that our twins *can* wear out their shoes so fast. I'm ashamed of my grumbling.

Margaret: You know dear, we truly have a great many blessings. Remember the dear old hymn you taught me long ago?

(She begins to hum "Count Your Blessings" and both sing a verse as they work.)

Margaret: (*Holding up a teapot.*) Mother, you have so many useless things to clutter up this shelf. Now here is Grandmother's old teapot. It's cracked and you never can use it again. Shan't I throw it away?

Martha: (*Taking it from her and turning it lovingly in her hands.*) No, no, I can see my dear mother as she poured tea from this old pot for her friends. Then when she accepted the word of wisdom and stopped drinking tea, she found a new use for the old teapot. The egg money and bits of extra change were dropped into it. Many a time Mother has gone to the old teapot when I wanted some small luxury. How her sweet kind face beamed with pleasure at being able to share her little treasure with me.

Margaret: Isn't that like Grandmother? She was always so kind, so thoughtful!

Martha: Margaret, I've just thought of a use for that teapot! No, don't ask me! It's a secret. It is too dear to be cast aside. Put it back in the pantry—but not on the highest shelf.

Curtain

Scene 2—One Year Later

(Martha bustling about, gathering hat, coat, gloves, purse, preparatory to going out. Margaret enters.)

Margaret: Going someplace, mother?

Martha: Yes, I'm just rushing to get ready for Relief Soicety meeting. This is the first meeting, you know.

Margaret: Oh, mother darling, I did so hope to have the money for your magazine today. But new babies come high these days. (*Sighs.*)

Martha: Never mind, my dear. (*Gets the teapot and empties it on table.*) There, what do you think of that.

Margaret: Why mother, what a pile of dimes! Where did you get them?

Martha: Last year, when we came upon that old teapot the thought came to me that it could be used as a thirft pot, just as your grandmother used it. A dime each week was never missed, and yet in a year the store has grown steadily. Five dollars and twenty cents, and all my Relief Society problems are solved for the year. I have three dollars for the visiting teachers, that is 25c a month,—a dollar for the magazine,—50 cents for stake dues,—and 70 cents for materials for the ward bazaar—all saved without working a hardship on any one. (*As she talks she piles the dimes before her.*)

Margaret: (*Throwing her arms around her mother.*) Wonderful mother! No one else on earth would have thought of such a scheme, but it's a dandy! I'm going right straight home and start a thrift pot of my own! Three cheers for Granny's old teapot.

Curtain

NATURE AND MOTHER'S LOVE

By Hettie P. Fackrell

MY attention was drawn one spring morning to the sweet notes of a songbird, nestled on the limb of a shade tree near the lawn. How perfectly did the little thing warble the clear sweet notes? No dearer was the sweet song than were the gentle words of my mother.

A few steps farther, in one corner of the perennial row, was a creamy narcissus, with its waxen petals just opening to the welcoming rays of the warm morning sun. No purer was the blooming beauty than were the sweet thoughts of my mother.

On down the row, just a few steps farther were the soft, sweet petals of a dainty pink rose-bud, just blooming and as I touched them to my lips, they were like the sweet kiss of my mother.

The fragrance of the delicate lavender lilac, near my window, lingers as my darling mother's teachings linger in my memory.

At the end of the row, was a mass of blooming beauty, 'Twas the fragrant white carnation. They are a symbol of her purity and love.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST—Like the richness of a summer day is the hightide of life.

THE bookshops and magazine racks are full of light reading for the vacationist for summertime is the harvest for the novelist and short story writer.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART in her latest book, "The Doctor", is more sincere and less imaginative than usual. The book continues among the best sellers.

NAOMI JACOB in her new novel "The Founder of the House," gives a fine portrayal of Jewish family life and traditions, also a vivid picture of Paris and gay Vienna during the early part of the last century.

MARY MASTERS NEEDHAM and Sarah M. Cleghorn have each contributed interesting biographies to recent publications—"Tomorrow to Fresh Fields," and "Threescore," are the titles.

MARGARET MITCHELL'S first novel—"Gone With the Wind", was the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for July. It has an Atlanta background highly colored with Civil War incidents.

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY won the contest prize with her pageant for the Ogden pioneer celebration.

QUEEN MARY received the Royal Victorian Order—Dame Grand Cross, from her son Edward VIII on his 42nd birthday.

DOROTHY H. EUSTIS was given a gold medal by the National Institute of Social Sciences for distinguished service rendered to humanity.

MRS. ISABEL BLUME and Mrs. M. Adere are the only women members of the Belgian chamber of deputies.

MISS MAUD YOUNGER, prominent social, political and suffrage worker, Dame Henrietta Barnett, noted English welfare worker, Johyna Howland, veteran actress, and Julia Field, widow of Eugene Field, the poet were among the notables who died recently.

MARINA, Duchess of Kent, is the arbiter of fashion in English court circles. At present she has a flair for ostrich feathers on her hats.

SALLY STEARNS, 21, coxswain of the Rollins College crew, led her rowers to victory over the Manhatten crew. The husky fellows were somewhat chagrinned to be beaten by a girl.

HELEN JACOBS, American tennis champion was again winner this year at Wimbledon both in the finals and semi-finals.

BETTY ROBINSON of Chicago, and 15 other American girls expect to enter the Olympic games at Berlin this summer. There are six events for women—track, hurdles, javelin and discus throws, 4x100 meter relay and high jump.

Half a Million Dollars For a Bible

By Ramona W. Cannon

SUCH a staid and sober place a museum appears! So proper and catalogued and probably boring! But once break through its musty outer crust and reach its inner consciousness, and you uncover a past world still pulsating with the drama and romance of life. Think of the British Museum in London. What an intimate record of loves and hates, of defeats and victories its mighty heart contains! There lies the mute evidence of some of the greatest struggles in which mankind has engaged through all history. To the newcomer the scenes of such action become warm and fresh. A miracle occurs and names seem to clothe themselves with flesh and heart and intellect.

CONSIDER the amazing exhibit of Bibles, great and small, written in nearly all languages, including Latin shorthand! Just books? No. They represent one of the greatest evolutions of human freedom that the world has known. Once a person has seen these volumes and understood at what cost they were given to our fathers, and what love existed in the hearts of those who gave them, he will thenceforward feel for his modern easily purchased Bible a little more reverence—a little more gratitude.

Let us examine a few of these many cases filled with Bible exhibits. As a preliminary, it is interesting to see the clay tablets in the Egyptian or the Babylonian room. About 1400 B. C. as the Children of Israel wandered through the Wilderness and settled in the Promised Land, they undoubtedly made some rough notes of their experiences on clay tablets baked in the sun. Previous to that time, the well-disciplined minds of their leaders had retained in memory the history of their fathers and had passed it on from generation to generation. The clay tablets were the first method of recording. Here they are, hard and smooth, with picture writings cut clearly into them. From such notes as these, and from the long memories of the learned, the first Old Testament manuscripts were probably written.

While there are none of these very earliest documents in existence, it is quite certain that they were written on the finer skins of goats or sheep, prepared for the purpose. Our present book form was unknown. The ancient parchments were attached to two rollers. Here is a show case containing a wonderful example, a large leather scroll that must be two feet high. It is rolled around two enormous spools. This is the Pentateuch (first five books of the Old Testament), written in Hebrew. Seventy-five strips of leather have been glued together, and on these the text is written in columns, in large characters, forty-two lines to the column. The beginning is on the right hand side. As the student finished reading a column, he would roll it around the roller to the right, and as with a typewriter ribbon, unroll one or two or three columns from the left side spool, as suited his convenience. The rollers could of course stand close together or far apart. What a task to copy such manuscripts by hand, word for word! And how very proud the owner of such a roll must have been!

One wonders if a private individual ever owned an entire Bible, for these five books alone require a great deal of space.

NOT until more than a hundred years after Christ did the modern book form, with individual pages bound together, come into use. This book form was called a codex, and was much easier to care for and use than the rolls. Only recently torn fragments of the oldest codex known were discovered and put on display by the British Museum. They date from about 150 A. D. and are bits of a fifth Gospel of the New Testament, resembling John more closely than the other Gospels. This work was done on papyrus, which looks like splintered brown bark. One bit, translated from the Greek, reads: "They bade the multitude to carry together the stones and stone him. And the rulers laid their hands on him that they might take him and hand him over to the multitude, and they could not take him because the hour of his betrayal was not come." Then follows the coming of a leper to Jesus, and Jesus' healing of him.

HERE is a strange looking manuscript, written in Greek uncials, in the sixth century. In the ninth century, some one had partly washed out this writing, and had written the Gospel of St. Luke across the pages at right angles to the original characters. This is called a palimpsest manuscript. There are many other examples of this method of cross writing in the Museum.

Quite surprising is one tiny volume written on thin vellum pages measuring only three and one-half by two and one-half inches. This is a version of the Apocalypse in Coptic, done as early as the fifth century.

One version of the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse, in Greek, was written by the monk Andreas, who was engaged on it for three years.

ANOTHER of the famous Bibles is the Lindisfarne text written at the end of the seventh century by the Bishop of Lindisfarne, Ireland. This brings us to the beginning of that wonderful art of illuminating manuscripts. The book is freely ornamented in the finest style of Anglo-Celtic art. The Celtic mind is likely to prefer fancy to reality, and that is the case here. Animal decorations are used, but only the head is left recognizable. Everything else is twisted out of any kind of semblance. This work was drawn with pen and ink in fine parallel lines that were filled in with water colors. Such little anachronisms as Matthew seated reading a modern book of Scriptures did not trouble anyone.

There are many cases filled with the wonderful illuminated manuscripts that followed. What infinite patience and toil the monks put into the making of these volumes! And what beauty they achieved! One draws aside the protecting green curtain and looks through the glass case at the red and russet and blue flowers and scrolls, and the generous sprinkling of tiny gold leaves and dots. They are beautifully rhythmic in design, and of the most delicate workmanship. One moves one's head from side to side to see the gilded parts light up and grow rich and beautiful and warm with the ever changing glow. Some of the pages are composed almost entirely of the wide floral borders with perhaps a small picture of a Scriptural scene, and a very little bit of a psalm or another text printed on the page. There are some enormously large illuminated books with great pictures on them. The colors are lovely, but the figures not so good. They lack

proportion, grace and ease. One could remain in this room for hours and be fascinated with the designs of these works of art. No sooner have you fallen in love with one than you turn to another which seems even more enthralling. But there are many other Bibles yet to see.

NOT the least interesting book is a Latin Psalter in Tironian notes, early tenth century, acquired in Reims. These were shorthand characters invented by Marcus Tullius Tiro, a freed slave of Cicero, who lived in the first century before Christ. After a thousand years these notes were still in use.

And over here are the four Gospels written in the Caroline hand, developed under Charlemagne. This superseded the national hands of England, Spain, and Italy, and became the ancestor of the handwriting used today.

We must recall that all the early Bibles were in Latin, Greek, or some other foreign language. There were many Norman-French Bibles circulating also before English Bibles were available. The standard text was the Latin Vulgate prepared by St. Jerome in 405. The earliest attempt to tell the Bible story in the native English (Anglo-Saxon) tongue was that of Caedmon, the cowherd of Whitby, who lived in the late seventh century. Bede tells us that Caedmon could not sing, and went to the stables in grief when his brethren sang at the feasts. Then One appeared to him in a dream and said, "Caedmon, sing something for Me." The cowherd replied that he could not sing, but was told, "Yet thou canst sing something for Me." Caedmon asked, "What should I sing?" The reply came, "Sing the beginning of created things." And Caedmon sang to the glory of the Creator, something like this: "Now ought we to praise the Author of the Heavenly Kingdom." One original manuscript exists, dating from the end of the tenth century, and is now at Oxford.

We are told that in A. D. 735 the Venerable Bede translated the Gospel of St. John, and fought off death until with his last feeble breath, he had dictated the final words to his anxious scribe.

IN the Museum is a Latin copy of the Psalms dating from the ninth century with a word-for-word Anglo-Saxon translation written between the lines. Also a priest of the tenth century inserted an English interlinear translation of the Lindisfarne Gospels. This occurred nearly three centuries after the original Latin writing. Alfred the Great and Aelfric the Grammarian gave us some paraphrases and translations into Anglo-Saxon, which may be seen in the Museum. In Wessex, in the eleventh century, an unknown author wrote the first independent version of the Gospels in old English. One of the six remaining copies of this work is also on display at the British Museum.

THE first complete Bible in English was given to the people by John Wycliffe, who said, "The sacred Scriptures are the property of the people, and one which no one should be allowed to wrest from them." However, he met with the bitterest persecution for his liberal ideas. He recognized the abuses in the Church, and felt that a knowledge of God's word would help people to understand truth for themselves, and thus would bring about reform. Naturally this attitude did not enhance his popularity with those in power. It was charged that Wycliffe "had made the Bible common to laymen and even to women,"

". . . so that the pearl of the Gospel was trodden under foot of swine." Archbishop Arundel complained to the Pope of "that pestilent wretch, John Wycliffe, the son of the old Serpent, the forerunner of Anti-Christ, who had completed his iniquity by inventing a new translation of the Scriptures."

In spite of the opposition to this new Bible written in plain simple language for the understanding of plain folk, a great many copies of it were made. The price was necessarily high, about $200.00 a copy, but Wycliffe's "poor priests" helped to see that it was made available to the poor. Some might give a load of hay for the privilege of reading a copy for a certain period each day. A woman named Alice Collins used to come to gatherings and recite the Ten Commandments and other parts she had learned by heart.

In the preface to this Bible was written, "God grant us to ken and to keep well Holie Writ, and to suffer joiefulli some paine for it at the laste." These words were indeed prophetic, for many of the readers of this Wycliffe Bible were burned with their copies round their necks. The persecuted Wycliffe himself expected to die as a martyr, and apparently would have done so, had not a natural death intervened. A petition was sent to the Pope asking him to have Wycliffe's body removed from consecrated ground and buried in a dung heap. This was not done, but forty years later, his body was burned and the ashes scattered on the river Swift which ran near his church in Lutterworth.

Many of the Wycliffe Bibles were beautifully decorated with borders and elaborate capital letters at the beginning of Chapters. One handsome copy in the Museum was owned by Edward III's son, the Duke of Gloucester.

A HUNDRED years later came the printed Bible versions of Tyndale, master of seven languages. He, too, suffered for his determination to "make the boy that drives the plough in England to know more of Scripture than the Pope does." He had to flee from England and work secretly in Germany. When his Bibles appeared, a torrent of bitterness and accusation was loosed against Tyndale. Such ridiculous arguments were used as these: If a baker should read, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" he would use too little yeast, and thus injure people's health. And if a simple man should read, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," he would pluck out his eyes, and the realm would be full of blind men.

Tyndale was cast into prison where he pleaded for a warmer cap and coat, since he suffered from a perpetual cold, which was much increased by his "chill cell." In 1536 he was strangled at the stake, and burned to ashes. With his last breath he prayed, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

There are many of these Tyndale Bibles in the Museum, and other printed versions as well, in a great diversity of tongues. The early print is beautifully clear and uniform.

THERE are other Bibles great and small, in infinite variety, some of them in polyglot form, that is, with the text written in parallel columns in several different languages.

WE must give a word to the Great Bible. Three years after Tyndale's dying prayer, an English Bible stood in every parish church. The frontispiece design by Holbein is very elaborate. The Almighty, with outstretched arms, is in the

clouds. Two scrolls with inscriptions proceed out of His mouth, to left and right. We see King Henry VIII seated on his throne, holding in each hand a Bible, and Cranmer and Cromwell distributing Bibles to priests and laymen. Henry had broken with the Pope, and one of his reforms was to popularize the Bible, under the influence of Thomas Cromwell who published the books. Each parish priest was obligated to have one copy in his home and another in his church. The low purchase fee of ten shillings for the Bible, unbound, and twelve for a bound copy, was fixed. The King "marvelled greatly" when he learned that his command had not been fulfilled in certain churches. He immediately fixed a fine of forty shillings a month on any church which failed to comply with his order. It was proclaimed that the King's loving subjects should have and use said Bibles "humbly, meekly, reverently, and obediently." They were not to read them with "loud and high voices." The people would gather round these large Bibles chained to a lectern, or reading desk, and patiently wait their turn. Cromwell, himself, was later executed.

THE real pride of the British Museum is probably its recent acquisition of the Codex Sinaiticus, the oldest version of the New Testament known, dating from the middle of the 4th century. This was purchased from the Russian Government for half a million dollars. Naturally, one wonders why such a sum should be expended for an incomplete text of our Scriptures, with so many copies already in existence. So one learns what is possible about these modest looking sheets of fine vellum, with four columns of Greek uncials to a page.

The German scholar, Tischendorf, who discovered this manuscript in the Monastery of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai, was himself a Crusader in the cause of truth. His battle was against the skeptics, who were accumulating evidence and criticism to indicate the Gospels were not written until at least the fourth century after Christ. John's Gospel has been assailed more frequently than the other three. Tischendorf spent years of research gathering evidence of the authenticity of the Gospels. His purpose was only to build up his readers "in their most holy faith."

Determination, zeal, scholarship and faith the brilliant young man possessed, but all of these combined could not accomplish his end without a great deal of money as well. He was granted seventy-five dollars by the German Minister of Public Worship and practically without purse or scrip set out on his great adventure. Partly he supported himself by his pen while he worked. Partly he was helped by men who had faith in him. The story of his accidental discovery of 129 pages of the Sinaitic Manuscript in a wastebasket ready to be consigned to the flames is most absorbing. Unfortunately, part of the sheets had already been burned. He obtained forty-three of these leaves as a gift, but could not acquire the rest, when the monks learned that value was attached to them. Years of patient diplomacy were required before he received the remaining sheets. They were presented, through him, to the Russian Government by the Monastery, and a certain sum was given to the Monastery in return. The British Government acquired the Codex in 1933.

The real value of this book is in the evidence it gives that the Gospels

did arise in the apostolic period. This Codex is helpful in establishing a belief of Tischendorf's, which is difficult to dispute, that the Gospels were in actual use in the Church by the end of the first century. The Codex Sinaiticus contains about half of the Old Testament, the New Testament entire, and two uncanonical works, one of them "The Shepherds of Hermos," a satire on the abuses that existed in the early church. This is enlightening to the student of church history.

Like other martyrs to truth, Tischensdorf faced hardship, privation, and slander. But his contributions are of the greatest value. They have "neutralized to every unprejudiced mind" the doubts raised by critics "as to the genuineness of St. John's Gospel" comments his translator. After one of Tischensdorf's addresses, a German editor wrote of him: "As a critic he is on ground on which he has no rival. When history speaks, it is the duty of philosophy to be silent."

"I would rather have discovered this Sinaitic manuscript than the Koh-i-noor (great diamond) of the Queen of England," said one eminent scholar. And the opinion of the British Government is, "If the transfer of the Codex Sinaiticus from Russia to London will help to stimulate the British people to a renewed personal, individual, and family interest in the teaching of God's word, it will be worth £100,000 many times over."

FAITH

By Claire S. Boyer

There are some steps I take that need His hand—
Passing from sorrow to a safer peace,
Stepping from danger to a sure release,
Then I can yield myself and understand.

There are some moments when I need His smile—
When I turn not again to baser ways,
When I fulfill my sacrificial days,
Then I can raise my eyes to Him the while:

But most I want to need Him every hour,
To take His hand, to see His smile divine,
To feel His benefice, to sense His power,
To know myself a part of His Design;

Then shall He be my Great Eternal Friend
The Comrade of my questing to the end.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

CHAPTER IV

FOR a time Steve watched Helen's riding critically. Soon she forgot herself in enjoyment of her surroundings. How far away were the feelings of futility and defeat with which she had started on this journey. Already she was a new person, once again alert and eager for life.

"You're not such a tenderfoot as I expected," Steve told her. "You'll make it O.K. You almost ride as if you'd been born to the saddle. Some people couldn't learn to ride in a million years. Others take to it like ducks to water. You like it, don't you?"

"Yes. But I haven't ridden much." How surprised he would be if she should say, "I ought to be a good rider; my father was a cowboy."

As they neared the edge of the forest, Steve pointed out the young aviator's camp.

"Shall we call on Pete? There's his plane by the edge of the trees. Bernice was right. It doesn't seem to be much worse for his accident."

They found the young flier, his head bandaged, out by the plane, mending the fabric.

"How are you and Pegasus this morning?" Steve asked.

"Both of us rarin' to go."

"Pegasus," said Helen after the formality of introduction. "That's a unique name. Sometime I'm coming to see how much better your winged steed is than this lovely horse of Mr. Heyden's."

"We'll be waiting for you," Pete said as his visitors departed.

They left the road and followed a trail through the trees. Soon it became steep and rugged.

"There's another mile or two of climb before the first glimpse of the canyon," Steve said. "Are you tired?"

"Not at all. It's glorious."

Helen smiled to herself as Steve talked of the country. He had the same air of proprietorship he had laughed at in Uncle Billy. Wood Russell had it, too, though he also had poked fun at the old scout. But she didn't blame them for loving it; she was beginning to feel something of the same spirit herself. After all, it *was* her country too, even though she had never seen it before.

The trail became steeper. Once Maje's foot slipped on a loose rock. With a swift, sure movement Steve caught Helen and kept her from falling. She was trembling, but denied that she was frightened and insisted that they go on.

They rode more slowly after that, and Steve kept one hand on Maje's bridle to guide him around the great boulders. How quick and sure his arm had caught her, and how concerned his dark eyes had been. Bernice Hawley, Helen understood, could easily care for a man like Steve.

"We really ought to have taken the road," he said when the trail became even steeper. "But I *did* want you to see the canyon first from a point that nothing but a narrow trail leads to. Do you feel nervous about going on? We could cross over to the road yet."

"No. I'm fine, and I want to learn to ride."

AT last they reached the top. Then suddenly they came to the canyon rim.

"Oh!"

That one exclamation and Helen gazed speechless. Her eyes blurred. The sight overwhelmed her. The crust of the brown earth had suddenly opened to an enchanting inner world. Over it all stretched the serene blue of the sky, splashed with colored clouds, shifting, changing, glowing.

She was motionless, her face transfigured.

Steve watched her exultingly. He was proud of the canyon. The lights and shadows had seldom been finer. It was almost as if the old monarch were posing a bit for his guest.

"Well, what do you think of him?" he finally asked, dismounting and helping her. For a moment she stood without answering. Then she turned and walked a little distance from the brink.

"I can't stand any more now." There was a break in her voice. "I'm drunk."

Steve smiled appreciatively. He led the horses to a cedar tree and secured them.

"Suppose we rest here awhile and eat our lunch. Then we can ride along the rim to some of the other points and take the road back."

He removed the saddles and spread the saddle blankets under a tree.

"Seeing that," Helen waved toward the canyon, "makes everything else seem insignificant, doesn't it? We and our little worries don't even seem pin-points in the great scheme of things."

"Wait until you stand on Bright Angel Point some night when it's raining. It's when the canyon's filled with black clouds and zigzags of lightning and bellowing thunder—that's when you feel smaller than a speck."

IT was late afternoon before they started back to the Park. As they came down the road through the thick trees, Steve suddenly stopped. He peered through the timber ahead. Helen heard horses' hoofs, and a few seconds later glimpsed a wide brimmed hat.

Steve seized her bridle and quickly guided their two horses behind a huge boulder into a thick clump of trees. He gave a sign for silence.

Presently, two horsemen passed. Helen caught sight only of the wide hat on the dark head of one rider, and the red whiskered face of the other. She wondered at Steve's excitement.

"I must find out for sure who those fellows are," he said. "I believe one is Lon Dean, the Indian boy I left on my ranch watching my calves. Will you wait here? I want to see which direction they go when they reach the forks."

What could it mean? Steve's face was grim—almost old—as he wheeled his horse and followed them.

As Helen waited, she recalled Uncle Billy's unfinished story. Now it seemed remote, more like fiction than reality. Could it be that the old scout really felt that Tough Heyden might have murdered her father? If that were true—Steve was the son of her father's murderer! She wouldn't permit such thoughts to spoil her day.

THERE was a clatter of hoofs on the rocky road. She thought it was Steve and rode back to the trail. But the rider was coming from the opposite direction. It was Mr. Hawley.

As he drew in his reins she re-

alized that her dislike for him increased each time they met.

"Well, well, if it isn't our little new friend, Mrs. Latimer. I didn't anticipate such a pleasure as meeting a charming woman away out here. Are you lost?"

In spite of the note of lightness in his words, Helen perceived that he was nervous and excited.

"I've been for my first look at the Grand Canyon," she told him. His eyes kept shifting from her face back over the road, and he was evidently listening.

"That's Steve Heyden's horse, isn't it? Did he come with you?"

"Yes." Helen thought he tried to blink out the concern her answer perceptibly aroused, and the casualness of his next question was forced.

"I don't suppose you happened to meet a couple of cow-punchers on your way down from the point?"

"No. . . . No. . . . We didn't meet anyone." Why was she deceiving him?

"Where's Steve?" Hawley looked at her with sudden suspicion.

"He'll be here in a minute. He just went back along the road to look for—a pin I lost. . . . a family heirloom that means much to me." Her cheeks burned. Hawley continued to scan the road and to listen.

Presently Steve came around a bend. He slowed down a little at sight of Hawley, but called out genially.

"Hello, George. Where you headed for?"

"Did you find Mrs. Latimer's pin?"

Steve's quick glance interpreted the look Helen flashed him, but she knew that Hawley caught it also.

"No, I didn't find it. Shall we be going on?"

They left Hawley, clearly puzzled, staring up the road.

STEVE'S face was stern. His eyes were black with brooding. Helen waited for him to make an explanation, but they rode for a time in silence. Finally he seemed to make an effort to throw off his mood.

"You probably thought it was queer the way I left you. I appreciate the way you tried to throw Hawley off the scent."

"I bungled it, but somehow I thought you'd rather he didn't know about the men."

"Your hunch was OK. And at least he's still puzzled. But not half so much as I am. I can't understand the fellow, but at least I've quit having any confidence in him or any belief that he's trying to help clear up the mystery."

"Mystery?"

"Yes. There's queer things going on around here. I keep losing cattle and can't find who's stealing them. I'm sure one of those fellows we saw was the Indian boy I left at my ranch day before yesterday, and I can't savvy why he'd be away over here on this side of the mountain—leaving the calves—and with that redheaded stranger."

"Do you hire Indians?"

"Lon's not an ordinary Indian. Fact is, we're almost like brothers. His mother used to cook for my dad when I was a kid, and after my mother got sick and had to be taken to—a hospital, Molly, Lon's mother, about raised me."

"I've always wanted to see an Indian woman—squaws—that's what they call them isn't it?"

"Molly's keeping house for Tess Morely now." Steve lapsed into silence.

"I didn't know cattle stealing was still going on." Helen wanted to hear more. "From what Uncle Billy said, I thought things were different now."

"They are. That is, they're supposed to be. I don't know of a single cattle man who's lost stock—I mean in bunches—in the last ten years, but me. There's some kind of hoodoo tagging me around—has been ever since my dad died and left me the House Rock outfit."

After a moment he went on. "I was only a kid when Dad died, hadn't turned sixteen, and even though I'd been on the range practically all my life, I was pretty inexperienced. Uncle Billy tried to help keep things together until I was old enough to take responsibility."

"Were you losing cattle then?"

"Yes. And there was another mystery that I've always felt sure was connected with this cattle stealing. It goes back a long way. My dad and that Sam Huntsman Uncle Billy mentioned last night used to be pardners. Then Sam went to Chicago and stayed for about ten years. When he came back he sold his share of the outfit to Dad and was going to Texas. He started out with his share of the herds with two or three men and was going to follow them after he'd finished up the deal. He and Dad were riding along the Powell Trail when Sam's horse slipped and they both crashed down the canyon."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it was ghastly. I was a kid about twelve when it happened and I can't forget how hideous things were for a long time after. Mother collapsed and Dad was never the same. He'd been so close to them, you see."

Helen was trembling. Did Steve know those rumors at which Uncle Billy had hinted—that it hadn't been an accident? That might explain the brooding look that haunted his eyes; she'd noticed it last night while they were dancing, and several times today.

"A few weeks after Sam's accident, Uncle Billy and old man Vaughn, who used to have a big outfit there at V. T., found out some way that Sam Huntsman's cattle *hadn't been taken to Texas;* that they hadn't even left the mountain. They'd just disappeared—dropped out of existence."

"But how could they?"

Steve shrugged.

"Wouldn't I like to know! About a month after that, a bunch of our calves vanished, and every year since Dad died, I've lost cattle in the same mysterious way. It's driving me nuts."

Helen was excited. This concerned her as well as Steve. Those cattle that had disappeared would have been her cattle.

"Haven't you any idea whose doing it? Aren't there officers who can help you?"

Steve laughed.

"We've had hunches, dozens of them. But none of them lead us anywhere. The officers are as helpless as I am. Hawley's a deputy. But I didn't even bother to tell him just now that I'm sure that when I get to House Rock tonight I'll find my calves gone. He's been trying for years to help solve the mystery—at least pretending to.

Helen's mind was racing in two or three directions. There were things she must find out.

"This Sam Huntsman. What about his—family? Didn't they ever come out to see about his property?"

"As I remember, his wife died a year or so after they were married."

"And there were no children?"

"Uncle Billy thinks there was a child, but it must have died, too, because we never heard a word after Uncle Billy wrote to someone he

knew about—a sister-in-law I believe, after the accident."

"If there had been a child," Helen ventured cautiously, "this herd of cattle that disappeared, would belong to it?"

"Sure, and half of my ranch over in House Rock Valley too."

They emerged from the timber into Pleasant Valley. As they neared the Hotel Steve turned suddenly.

"I'm asking you not to say anything about those fellows we saw. I've got to find out for sure if that was Lon Dean. There may be a clue."

"Of course." What would Steve do if she suddenly said "I'm as concerned about this business as you are. I'm that child of Sam Huntsman's."

"If the thieves should be caught and the Huntsman cattle recovered, what would be done with them?" she asked.

"Uncle Billy and I used to talk about that. He's always said that they'd belong to me; but if such a miracle *should* happen, I'd see that he got them. I'd like to see Uncle Billy set up. He's never been able to hold on to anything for himself—always more interested in helping the other fellow. I've tried to take him in with me but he won't come—say, I believe that's him down the road now, coming to meet us. Wonder if he's got some dope."

"What's up?" Steve asked when they met the old scout.

But Uncle Billy didn't answer.

"I begun to wonder if you two had eloped. Steve, we must git out to the ranch pronto. I've got the supplies ready and have arranged with Jack and Curley to bring them on their pack horses. We'd best go right now. Mrs. Latimer will excuse you if you don't go on with her, won't you?" His little black eyes were popping. He was impatient to be away.

"What shall I do with the horse?" Helen asked. If only she might go along with them!

"Ask Wood Russell to have one of his boys take him down to Uncle Billy's place," said Steve, "And if you want to ride again before I get back, have them get Maje for you—any time."

"Thanks. I hope you find everything all right."

"That's too good to hope." Steve waved to her as they rode away.

(*To Be Continued*)

BABY ROSEBUDS

By Merling D. Clyde

The climbing baby rose-buds gay
In summer's sun so brightly bloom,
They bring a pain I can't allay—
The climbing baby rose-buds gay.
I see a waxen form that lay—
My darling babe in rose-drenched room—
The climbing baby rose-buds gay
In summer's sun so brightly bloom.

Transplanted

By Lella Marler Hoggan

TRANSFER?" asked the motorman.

"No, thanks! Let me off at the end of the line," directed Nancy Ann Parker, as she seated herself, bag in hand, by an open window.

The jostling car shot past the thronged crossings, long lines of automobiles, and brightly decorated shop windows. On and on it rocked, rhythmically, past the smoky down town shops, and the residentiial district, into the sparsely settled community.

Nancy Ann reveled in the picturesque surroundings, and drank in the sweet spring odors.

Rippling fields of green, bright meadow flowers, a broken-down pasture fence, and a pebbly brook stretched out ahead of her, when the motorman turned in his seat and announced, "This is the last house on this line, lady." He pointed to a neat frame building basking in the morning sunshine.

"I reckon that's the place," announced Nancy Ann, as she stepped gingerly into the street, and started across the green field. Walking briskly to the cottage, she rapped gently on the front door.

"Good morning," said the pleasant little woman, who came to the door with a baby in her arms. "Will you come in?"

Nancy Ann smiled genially, "No thank you, I'll not come in, but if you don't mind, I'd like to sit here on your steps for awhile, and maybe walk out around the barn and the hen-coops. I was afraid if I went nosin' about, without sayin' anything, you might think I was a tramp."

"Make yourself at home," laughed the little woman.

"I'll tell you, dear girl," continued Nancy Ann, "I came out to see the spring. My blood's been bubblin' for a week. When I woke up this mornin' and saw the streaks of sunshine gleamin' across them purple mountains yonder, I couldn't stand it another day. So I just climbed onto the car and told the motorman to take me to the end of the line."

"That was the right thing to do," endorsed the new friend.

"I wanted to see the blue birds and smell the medder posies, and hear the larks a singin'. I wanted to drink in this sweet spring sunshine, and feel the grass springin' under my feet. Why, land o' livin', girl, this is something like!"

"You wonderful woman," gasped the young mother, 'you feel just like I do. The spring has been calling me for days, and here I sit in my kitchen, cooking, and mending, and tending my babies, as if life depended on it."

"Why don't you cut loose? Come on! Start right today."

"If you'll stay around until I finish my morning's work, I'll do it. My husband will not be home until evening. I'll take the babies and we'll make a day of it."

"Brave girl! I should say we'll make a day of it. Got any fresh eggs?"

"Yes, buckets of them."

"We'll take a bucket of them with us, and boil them over the camp fire, Gypsy fashion. I have

some bacon here, too, and some buttered brown bread, and oranges. We can prob'ly find some water-cress along that ditch bank yonder. We'll have a real banquet."

"Come in while I get ready. I'm so glad you came."

"Now you go right ahead and fix the children. And I'll wash up your dishes while I wait."

Nancy Ann removed her wraps and began rolling up her sleeves as she spoke.

As she washed the dishes she said:

"I live in the Bear River Valley. But I've been staying with my son in the city, since I was left alone."

"Well," interjected the hostess, "I came from the Bear River Valley, too."

"You did? What's your name?"

"Bessie Bradley. My maiden name was Norton."

"I guess I don't know your folks. But I know you, now, and I'm glad I found you. My name is Nancy Ann Parker. Folks call me Aunt Nancy."

Bessie smiled as she went about putting the room in order, washing and combing the children, and putting on their clean dresses.

"Yes," continued Nancy Ann, "my youngest son, Jack, lives in one of them apartment houses up on the hill. Him and Helen was married just last year, and they want me to break up house keepin' and live with them. They're real good to me. But I don't like the smoke and the noise and the clutter of the city. And nothin' to do—always nothin' to do. I'm not needed for a blamed thing at Helen's. There's no cellar and no garret to clean up, and no old clothes to make over. Why mercy me, Bessie, when I feel spring in my blood, I want to get busy."

"So do I," agreed Bessie.

"Yes," Nancy Ann added, "my fingers itch to dig in the garden; I want to feed a brood of fluffy, yellow chickens; and I long to smell soap a bilin'; and feel the warm soft wool in my fingers, as I card the bats for my winter quilts. What do the women folks in town know about work, these days, anyway? When they want a light they push a button. No monkeyin' with smoky chimneys and pesky coal-oil cans. When they want to wash or iron they push a button. Now just between you and me and the bedpost, the hull kit and bilin' of 'em don't do enough work to get the backache."

"But I'm glad women have it easier, now," defended Bessie.

"So am I, Bessie. I never push a button for light or power that I don't thank the Lord for such miracles. And I guess it's a good thing they don't have cellars and garrets. I know I keep too much old stuff around. I reckon I'd have more time and peace of mind, too, if I'd have a burnin' now and then. But I love my old things and I love my work, too. I love to make soft warm quilts, and pretty bright rugs. And I've wove hundreds of rag carpets."

"But I'm hinderin' you, Bessie, with my talk. Go and fix up your bedroom while I finish up in here. I'll help the children into their wraps."

BESSIE had scarcely finished the bedroom when Nancy Ann stepped to the door.

"Say, Bessie, there's a triflin' lookin' peddlar at the door, and he's mad as all git out. Maybe you'd better come and see what he wants."

The peddlar proved to be a salesman for a local firm that had sold Bessie some blankets. She had made her first payment before receiving the goods. But when the blankets were delivered, they were so inferior that Bessie knew there was a mistake. So she telephoned to the company to come and get their goods and refund her money.

The little man at the door was very irate, and refused to make an agreeable settlement. When Nancy Ann saw that Bessie was somewhat worsted in the contest of words, she stepped to the door.

"Well, mister," she greeted him, "you seem to be a little warm under the collar this mornin'."

He glared at her but did not reply.

"Bring the blankets in, Bessie," she requested, "and bring my shoulder shawl, too, please. It's on the back of that rocker."

The argument had settled on one questionable point, as to whether or not the blankets were fifty per cent wool, as guaranteed by the company.

"Say, mister, did you ever shear a sheep?" questioned Nancy Ann.

"Sheep shearing is not my business, Madam," tartly replied the representative.

Nancy Ann reached for her shawl, and began plucking the fluff from the lace edge.

"Do you know a sheep by the smell?" she went on.

"I'm not in the sheep business, Madam," he floundered.

"Bessie, bring me a couple o' matches," said Nancy Ann, as she pulled a wisp of fluff from the blankets.

First, she lighted the black fluff from her shawl, and held the scorching bit up near the man's nose.

"Now that shawl's one hundred per cent wool. I clipped the pelt, and spun the yarn, and knit the shawl, myself. So there's no go-between."

She then lighted the white fluff from the blanket.

"Now smell that. What do you say?"

"Well, I will say they don't smell just the same," he countered, as the stern lines about his mouth began to relax.

"I'll say they don't, "ejaculated Nancy Ann. "Why, man, that blanket's never been within shootin' distance of a sheep."

The shadow of a smile curved the salesman's lips.

"Of course, it's Bessie's deal. She can do as she likes," agreed Nancy Ann, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But if 'twas me, I'd see you in tophet a pumpin' thunder at three cents a clap, before I'd keep your blankets."

A broad smile illuminated the man's countenance. "Madam, you win," he surrendered, and turning to Bessie, "Roll up the blankets, lady. How much did you say you paid down on them?" And he passed her the money.

NANCY ANN heaved a sigh of relief as Bessie closed the door.

"I'll tell you right now," she ejaculated, "no peddlar ever sold me anything I didn't want to buy."

"Hereafter, I see my goods before I pay for them," laughed Bessie.

"Now what else can I do to help you?" questioned Nancy Ann. "We must be off. He's wasted most a half hour of our precious time."

"You could pack the lunch maybe. There's plenty of cooked food

there in the cooler. There's cold meat, and little cakes, and pie, and fresh fruit."

"I have plenty of bread," announced the older woman, "but we can take some of the meat and some little cakes. Never mind the pie. With this bucket of eggs and a quart of milk, I think we'll do fine. Say, but we're goin' to have a glorious day. My blood's a bilin' with joy clear to the ends of my fingers."

"It's going to be a real adventure," exulted Bessie, slipping the hilarious children into their caps and coats.

NANCY ANN'S wildest plans did not outrun the adventures of that day. They walked to the foothills, plucked wild flowers, and dug segoes with a sharpened stick. They gathered water-cress, and cooked their dinner over an open fire. Nancy Ann found a hen's nest, containing thirteen eggs. They made whistles from pussy willows, and finally climbed up into the hayloft to watch the glorious sunset.

"It's been all I expected, and more," said Nancy Ann. "I have only one regret, I wish we had started earlier. But it's wrecked me for the city. I wouldn't be surprised if I'd be startin' for home about next week," and then a grave expression crossed her face.

"Do you want to go back?" questioned Bessie, sweetly.

"Want to?" There was a world of hear-sick longing in the words.

"Can't you go?" And Bessie's sympathetic eyes searched the kind old face.

"Yes, Bessie, if I'm brave enough, and I reckon I am. My back is not so stiff for a woman of my years. I'm thinkin' I can still earn my livin' and feel happy doin' it. Only—only, it'll be lonesome at first. You see Sam and me worked side by side fer more than half a century, and no better man ever lived than Sam." Her voice broke, but in a moment she continued, "It's like this, Jack and Helen want to make life easier for me now that I'm alone. But I never could tolerate an old woman settin' around on a silk cushion a waitin' to die. When I get to a place in the road where I can't get up and do the things that need to be done, I'm ready to go, and I hope the Lord takes me without waitin' around too long."

"But Jack would help you even if you went back to the old home, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, yes, all of my children are willin' to help me. But, you see, while I'm able, well—I'd sooner help myself."

"You dear, brave soul," admired Bessie. "I'm afraid your son can never make you happy in his city home."

"No, I often tell Jack I'm like an old tree. You can't transplant an old tree successfully, it's too deep rooted."

"You surely have a great love for the open spaces, don't you?"

"Yes, Bessie, and little wonder. I was born on the plains, and cradled in a moving prairie schooner. My whole life's been spent on the frontier. But God gave us roses as well as bread. Along with the tears there's always fun and laughter, if we take them. My life has been full of glorious adventures. I always found time to do some of the things I loved to do, along with the things I had to do, and I put all of the joy and ginger I could into the necessary work."

"You're a philosopher, Aunt Nancy."

"My philosophy's made up just of chips and whetstones I've picked up along the trail. But if an angel happened to come walkin' up that path, right now, and told me I had just one more year to live, I wouldn't feel called on to make any changes in my program," and she smiled contentedly.

"What time is it, Bessie?"

The little mother held up the small clock.

"I must catch that next car or Helen will be worryin'. I didn't tell her where I was goin' today."

"I'm so glad you came," repeated Bessie. "We'll never forget it. Here, take this paper with you. It's the county paper from home. You might enjoy looking it over."

"I'll read it," promised Nancy Ann. "And I'll remember you for many a day. You know we get anything out of life we want. The trouble is, most people are afraid to cut loose and help themselves to happiness. Don't be afraid, Bessie. There's plenty of joy to go around and to spare, if you'll just learn to take it."

Bessie watched Nancy Ann until the car disappeared in the distance. "One never knows," she mused, "what blessing the day will bring."

AS soon as she sat down in the car, Nancy Ann unfolded the county paper, and turned to the news from her home town. Almost the first item that caught her attention, was an advertisement of an auction sale. She read it through the second time, trying to steady the trembling paper.

"Sure as I'm a livin' woman, that's my own furniture," said she. "Now I just wonder what particular things Jack has told them to sell. I'm glad I saw this paper." She was serious the rest of the way home.

HELEN met her at the door with a welcoming smile.

"I'm surely glad it's you, Mother Parker. When you were not here at dusk, I became so anxious I telephoned Jack. But he just laughed and said most likely you had gone out on a still hunt for happiness. Said you often did it and seldom got home early."

"Jack knows his old mother, all right," chuckled Nancy Ann. "When I had eight children at home, all at once, the evenin's were a little nerve rackin' at times; and many's the time they all got to needin' a lickin' at once. Then I used to slip out quietly, and steal down to the lilac arbor, and sit there in the soft dusk and rest and relax. Or maybe, I'd slip into a neighbor's house for fifteen minutes just for a change."

"And the children?"

"Oh, the children were all right. I was the one that needed a lift. Excuse me for changin' the subject, Helen, but say, I've had a wonderful day."

"Been over to Aunt Martha's?"

"Martha's," she echoed scornfully, "Why, child, I've been out in the country, diggin' segoes and makin' whistles. Had bacon and eggs for dinner, cooked over a camp-fire, and water-cress fresh from a mountain creek. Met a little woman I'd never seen before, and we sure made a day of it."

"Mother Parker you'll never grow old."

"Not as long as life's worth livin' I shan't. And yet, I don't know. Death'll be a brand new experience. And I reckon it'll be full of just as many glorious ad-

ventures as life is. Say, there's Jack, now, and I'm wantin' to see him."

"What are you wanting, Mother?" inquired Jack, greeting them both warmly.

"I want to know which furniture and stuff it was, you told Jeddy Hill he could auction off."

"Why all of that old stuff, Mother, that wasn't in your room."

"You mean the things in the granary?"

"Yes, and all of that stuff in that store-room."

"Not that south room, surely?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Why, Nellie's cradle's in there—the one she slept in when she died. And the melodeon. That melodeon is one of the first musical instruments that ever crossed the plains. And then there's your father's chest of tools, and our first bed. You don't have any idea I'd sell such things?"

"Now look here, Mother dear, you'll never in all this world use any one of those articles again. Why give them house room and keep them around to worry about?"

"I know, Jack, but I couldn't sell 'em."

"I wish I knew what to do, Mother, to make you happy here. I want you to be comfortable and contented. You've spent your whole life serving others. I want you to rest, now, and be free from care. Is your heart always going to go back to the old home?"

"Yes, son, always. Like the Children of Israel, I long for the flesh-pots of Egypt," she laughed. "I'm too old to take root in new soil."

"Now, Mother mine."

"I know, Jack, the years don't count while the heart beats young. But there's a lot of unfinished things I've been waitin' fer years to do. Besides I want to be busy to the last. I always did hate a stagnant pool: but oh, how I love a runnin', singin' brook."

"I'm afraid you're getting homesick," he bantered.

"I am a little homesick, Jack. Had a strange dream the other night. I dreamed I saw your father. Seemed like I was up home settin' by the kitchen window, and he came in all smilin' and happy and passed me a key. I asked him what key it was, but before he could tell me I woke up."

"You need a day out in the country, Mother."

"Don't you ever think I haven't had one today, and a most glorious one, too. It was like goin' home."

He looked across at her and smiled. "Home," he echoed, "Can't we ever make this home to you, Mother?"

"Don't worry, Jack, you and Helen's been mighty good to me, and I'll not forget it. But you know me, Jack, bread is always sweeter when I earned it myself."

"But, Mother dear, you're not sixteen you know."

"Follow in my tracks for a week, young man, and then guess my age."

Jack caught the twinkle in her eye and he knew that the argument was ended.

"What is it going to be, Mumsy," he laughed, "My Aunt Sally" or "A turkey in the Straw?"

"No, Jack, I want to hear that New York jazz program."

NEXT morning about 10:00 a. m., Jack had a hurry-up call to the telephone in his office.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"This is Helen speaking. Thinking your mother would be tired after her day in the country, I did not disturb her. But when she had not come down by ten, I felt anxious, and I went to her room to see if she was all right. Jack, she's gone. She did not sleep in her bed last night. Whatever could have happened? I'm simply distracted."

"Calm yourself, Mother's all right. We shall probably get a wire about noon, saying she's gone home for the summer."

"And you really think she's safe?"

"All smug and fine, sure. It would take a mighty hard jolt to upset Mother. She is one woman who is thoroughly capable of engineering her own career. She moves with a purpose, and she generally reaches the goal she sets out for, without accident or sorrow."

"I'm so glad you think she's safe. But I'm anxious just the same."

"Wait a minute, Helen, here's a telegram, now. I'll read it."

"Dear Jack and Helen. Home safe. Things looking fine. Jeddy's auctioin sale's today. Love. Mother."

IT was about 11:00 a. m. when Jeddy Hill stepped onto Nancy Ann's porch and reached out to unlock her door, and didn't.

"Well, I'll be—When did you get here?" he stammered.

"Oh, I've been here quite a spell. I've got the house in livin' condition and done a little bakin'. Come in and have a chair. You got here just in time to sample my cookies while they're hot. They taste better hot."

Jeddy hesitated. He looked at the shining windows, the freshly washed floor, and the white polished kitchen range.

Nancy Ann passed him a plate piled high with delicious, spiced raisin cookies. Very reluctantly he took one. But he shortly helped himself to a second and a third one.

"They're all right," he admitted, grudgingly, "but coming to business, Nancy Ann, I'm here to get the things Jack promised me. The auction sale comes off this afternoon."

"What things do you figger on sellin'?" asked Nancy Ann, quietly.

"Well everything in the granary and the south room."

"I'm not goin' to sell the stuff in the south room, Jeddy." And her tone was very decisive.

"Well now, Nancy Ann, them tools will never be of any use to you, and—"

"Look here, Jeddy Hill, I'm tellin' you, I'm not goin' to sell the stuff in the south room."

Drawing a key ring from his pocket, Jeddy fumbled the keys in his fingers.

"Now tools lose their value quicker'n most any kind of implements," he persisted.

"Where did you get that key ring?" interrupted Nancy Ann.

"Why Jack passed it to me last fall and told me to lock things up."

"Let's see it," she demanded. "I've searched this place from studdin' to rafter fer that bunch o' keys. I had two keys fer this room or I'd have been locked out."

"As I was sayin', Nancy Ann, about them tools and things."

"Jeddy Hill, it'll do you no good to raise ructions about that stuff. I'm not goin' to sell it—and that's that. There's the key to the gran-

ary, and I see your man's come to load up." She spoke with a finality that offered no excuse for reply or argument.

Jeddy's disappointment was plainly featured in his face, as well as in his fretful, irritated manner.

"Better put a handful o' them cookies in your pocket, Jeddy," suggested Nancy Ann. "The man on the wagon might like one."

Nancy Ann closed the door softly behind him and sat down in the old rocker.

"Now that's the key to the south room," she said, "and that's the key to the cellar, and that's the key to the coal house." She clustered them together on the ring. "This is my own door key, and this my trunk key, and this—" she puzzled a moment. "Oh, sure, it's the key to Sam's tool chest. But this?" She singled out a small brass key and her brow wrinkled in bewilderment.

"Now where have I seen that key before?" She closed her eyes as if to shut out all other thoughts.

Then she sprang to her feet with a start. "It's the key to Sam's strong box. That's the very key he passed me in my dream, and I've never thought of that strong box since I put it in my trunk, the day after the funeral."

She walked hurriedly into her little bedroom, the room made sacred by the intimate, pathetic, and hallowed scenes of a life-time.

Unlocking the old trunk, she lifted out the till. There lay Sam's best suit, carefully sponged and pressed. She noticed the frayed cuffs she had mended so painstakingly before he wore the suit those last Sundays. There were other pieces of his clothing, and various little keepsakes. She placed them lovingly on her white bed.

After a few moments, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and lifting the strong box from the bottom of the trunk, she placed it on the table. With trembling fingers, she fitted the small brass key into the lock and turned it. Raising the lid she gazed at the contents.

"Just as he placed 'em himself," she whispered.

Held by a rubber band were his tax receipts, year by year, since he first received the deed for the land. Here was his little book with the notations in his clear plain hand, of many of the important happenings since he came to the valley.

Along side of the papers, was a small tin box. It too, was locked. She tried the brass key. It turned in the lock. The lid sprang open.

Gold! Five dollar gold pieces!

She stood in bewilderment. As if to verify what her eyes told her, her fingers touched the coins—tenderly, almost reverently. She picked up one, she turned it over. There was a tiny bit of white paper glued to the face of it.

"Nov. 12, 1878," she read. "The very year we came to the valley. How did he do it?"

She turned another, and another, and still another. Here was one put by on Christmas in the eighties. Here was one on her birthday, and one on their wedding day, and other dates—oh, so many. And here, the last one in the box, "Oct. 20, 19....," the very day he died.

Her weeping eyes could see no more. Fumblingly, she placed the contents in the box and closed the lid. The gentle, old figure shook with sobs as she felt her way to the white bed. There beside a faded suit and a dust-stained hat, she knelt in prayer.

God, alone, who had guided them in all their efforts, knew what infinite planning, and thrift, and sacrifice it had cost to put by this loving store for her.

Through all the years, Sam had denied himself in a thousand ways, that she might be blessed, and cared for, and comforted, when she must tread the winding path of life without him.

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Three prizes will be awarded—a first prize of $15.00, a second prize of $10.00 and a third prize of $5.00. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the Relief Society Magazine. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the Relief Society Magazine, and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Non de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem submitted that it is her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

11. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

12. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

13. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Memoriam

By Elizabeth Spori Stowell

IN THE passing of our beloved Sister Floretta Ricks Webster, we of the Rexburg Stake are not alone in our grief. Although she lived practically all of her life on the same lot where she was born, she was known the length and breadth of the upper Snake River Valley, for her helpful, sunny friendliness.

Not quite fifty years of age she had given so much of her life to public service that it seemed that surely she must have lived many more years than she did.

From her earliest girlhood she took an active and important part in the life of this community. She was one of the first Presidents of the Civic League which founded our public library; she was the principal organizer of the Daughters of the Pioneers of the Upper Snake River Valley and was serving as its president at the time of her death; she was a member of the Relief Society Stake Board for fifteen years. Her lovely home, her car, her own indefatigable energy, were at all times at the call of the Relief Society. The members of the remotest Ward knew her personally and loved her for her cheerful council and hearty encouragement.

She was an inspired leader. In our serious hours, spent with perplexing problems, she always lifted the clouds of worry with the sunshine of her smile and the gallantry of her aid showed us the worth of her soul and the loyalty of her heart. When we have had sorrows, though she had her own, her winsome laugh and ready humor, eased the tension and drove away our fears. She was the essence of cheerfulness and optimism and the radiation of them and her genial disposition were attributes of her wonderful personality. She chose always to stand on the bright side rather than in the shadow. She lived to express in body, mind and soul all that was high, beautiful, serene and ideal in her nature; thus giving unbounded joy and inspiration to all who knew her.

In her home, she reigned as a queen meriting the love, honor, and respect of her husband and children, who idolized and revered her. She was always a jolly playmate and pal to her sons; she leaves an example of true womanhood for her daughter.

May the influence of her wonderful life be an inspiration to all who knew her, and her memory a cherished treasure of unselfish devotion.

MY HOOKED RAG RUG

By Della Adams Leitner

I count the task a pleasure,
The time is so well spent.
For always in creating
Of lovliness is lent
A joy, a satisfaction
That I can share. I find
That in producing beauty
I leave old cares behind.

I love to make a hooked rug
And watch the pattern grow
To bright attractive flowers
Or gay designs, and show
That from a jumbled gathering
Of garments old and worn
And odds and ends of pieces
A lovely thing is born.

The Portal of Life

By Ada Hurst Brown

MISS GEBERT of Los Angeles, and myself left Blanding in Miss Gebert's car, one July morning at seven o'clock, and rode for miles through cedar-covered canyons over switchbacks and dugways by the dozen.

Then we began a steady climb to the top of the Elk Ridge, through pine and birch, frightening white-faced calves that ran from the road with waving tails, to turn and stare at us from a safe distance. From the flat-topped Elk we still climbed up and up between the Bears' Ears, remarkable huge twin formations of red sandstone, partially covered with pine and birch. At the top of this pass a sign informed us that we were 10,000 feet above sea level.

Now we began one of the most spectacular descents imaginable. The road turns abruptly downward, and the vegetation is entirely different, being scrub pine and cedars. My companion's itinerary from which I read while she gave her full attention to driving, called this "the finest view in the world," and we paused to look and point out places of interest.

We could see a hundred and fifty miles in three directions. In the distant west and south were visible Bryce Canyon, Navajo Mountain of Arizona, Monument Valley, and the famous Black Mesa. To the east were clearly visible mountains near Grand Junction, Colorado. (On our return we were to see this view with a gorgeous sunset background. My companion said that while she had seen all the United States and several other countries, she had never seen anything to equal that view.)

THE EDWIN, OR OWACHOMO BRIDGE

WE dropped swiftly now onto a cedar-covered mesa, and a short ride brought us to the rim of the canyon in which the Edwin bridge is located. It was then that an interesting discovery burst upon me: I had been accustomed to going *up* into canyons; here we went *down* into them.

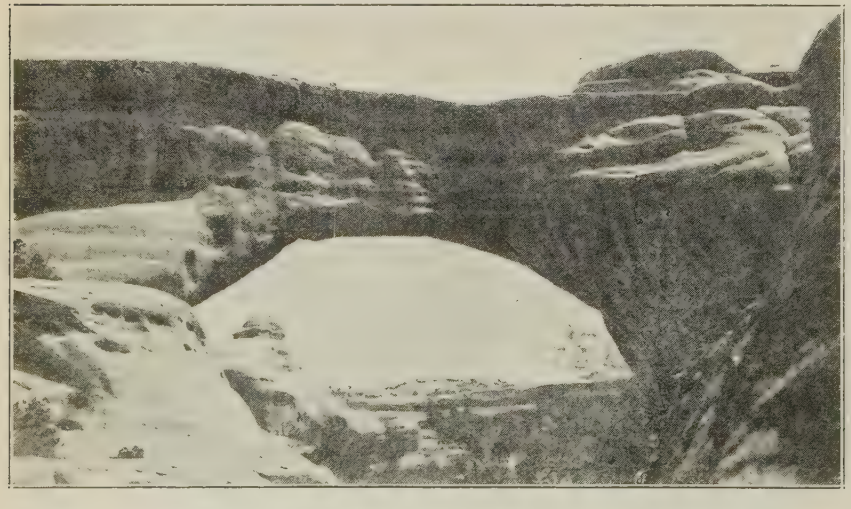
The Edwin is called the "woman's bridge" because of its comparatively delicate appearance, and it is beautiful; but my taste must be masculine, for my greatest thrill came at sight of the massive Augusta.

We stopped a short time in the cool shade of the Edwin, and then took off on the three-mile hike necessary to reach the Sipapu, or Augusta bridge. That is, we had been told it was three miles, but we felt quite sure it was at least six. By the time we reached White Canyon, we had emptied our canteen, the heat had blistered both my heels, and given Miss Gebert a slight sunburn below her checked shorts.

For a mile or so we had followed along the trail the tracks of some doglike animal, clearly visible in a crust caused from a recent shower. It was intensely quiet, and we saw no other sign of life but ants and a few big flies that flew viciously about our faces. . . .

NO words of mine can adequately describe the scene that burst upon us as we clambered over rocks down to where the full majesty of White Canyon stood revealed, with the top of the great Augusta far below us. I never expect to see anything which will inspire in me more awe and reverence than did that monstrous hole in the ground, and I truly understand why the Hopis named it Sipapu, which means to them, "The Portal of Life."

Huge, magnificent, colossal—all such adjectives fail to describe it. Silent, so silent one can almost hear the hum of the universe, it stands as it has stood for centuries, one of the



THE AUGUSTA, OR SIPAPU BRIDGE
(Note figures on top. It is necessary to climb ladders in several places to reach the top)

most breath-taking sights of our world. I had a queer feeling as though I were floating there in the air high above the bottom of the canyon, and I could easily imagine why the Hopis had believed that here spirits were ushered into this life, and that it was also here they left to be purified before entering the sky to become rain gods.

Leaving the rim of the canyon we climbed straight down a ladder made of tree-trunks, scaling the white rocks which have given the canyon its name, along a ledge to one of the accessible cliff dwellings that hang here and there along the steep canyon walls. Some of them are in places that it looks as if only a bird could reach, and one can only speculate as to how those ancient people came and went.

Down, down, down, we clambered until the sides of the canyon towered almost out of sight above us; then into the very bottom of the canyon and under the Augusta bridge, which made a grateful shade. We found water in a spring, and rested while we listened to the mysterious soughing like a soft breeze through trees, caused by I don't know what, and which probably helped to give the bridge its name.

Now the top of the Sipapu towered high above us, two hundred and twenty-two feet to be exact—high enough to clear the spires of the Salt Lake Temple. It has a span of two hundred and sixty-five feet, a width of thirty feet, and a thickness of fifty feet at the top.

The bridge is formed of red sandstone, streaked with black. It is situated just in front of the junction of the two canyons which run together to form White Canyon and was made, geologists tell us, by a swirl of water which washed away the softer stone, and after centuries left the bridge high and dry as it is now.

But whatever the natural explanation, I like best the mysterious one the Hopis had for it, "The Portal of Life."

CONSOLATION

By Susa B. Gudmund

Fear not my friend life is not o'er
When we're beneath the sod,
For He who once hath passed this way
Is now an Eternal God.

We do not know perhaps just now
The greatest reason why,
That we who came on earth to live;
Also came here to die.

Some think we only live to die,
I know, we die to live:
O'er the gulf a bridge was made, when
Christ His life did give.

That He might lead us on toward
That kingdom of our God,
For He hath once long, long ago
This mortal journey trod.

He knoweth well this rough steep road
That oft' the light grows dim,
But He will guide us safely through
If we will follow Him.

So with true faith undaunted
In One who knows the way;
Let us press on with ne'er a wish
Forever here to stay.

For surely we can safely trust
A God to lead our soul,
Since He and only He hath power
To help us reach the GOAL.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Uintah Stake

FOR the past year, the Uintah Stake Relief Society has tried to create a greater desire among the women to read the Scriptures. There is abundant proof that the efforts are bearing fruit. A class in Bible study, under the direction of the Seminary teacher, is conducted. On February 8, the Stake Relief Society Board presented a pageant, "The Bible Speaks." The author, Mrs. Evelyn Maeser Crandall, personally directed the splendid production. The Stake was especially grateful to Sister Crandall, who is the only surviving daughter of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. It is not difficult to trace, in the beautiful life of Sister Crandall, the wonderful influence of her gifted father. The pageant was an inspiration. Many wonderful characters of the Old Testament were portrayed. Beginning with the Book of Genesis, coming in continuity down to the time of Christ, the magnificent characters of Old Testament history were portrayed. The cast included almost one hundred people, with a chorus of twenty-five participating. The great personal interest of those who took part in this presentation was expressed, as they seemed to imbibe the spirit of the fine characters represented. The picture below is a fine representation of the ensemble.

San Francisco Stake

SAN FRANCISCO is one of our young Stakes and has all the enthusiasm of youth. The Relief Society conceived the plan of raising

UINTAH STAKE

funds for the new Stake House, and the happy event was presented on March 17th, the anniversary of Relief Society. The sewing supervisor was chairman of the drive for funds. She purchased brown denim, and made a number of little shoes. Each shoe was accompanied by a typed message explaining the purpose. A very substantial contribution followed this unique method of soliciting funds.

Another activity of this enterprising Stake has found expression in the Project work. A very beautiful example and concrete evidence of the effect of this work among the women of the organization was demonstrated in a beautiful book sent to the general office by Sister Orel Elder, Project Leader of the Stake. The book was compiled by Sister Jennie Richards, Project Leader of the Mission Ward. It really demonstrated a remarkable fund of information in reference to the Old Testament, and the subject matter was beautifully expressed in epic form by Sister Richards. The references and titles for each month's study were given in advance. The women were then asked to read carefully and summarize the contents of the individual Books, pointing out the inspirational messages of each particular piece of literature. The entire contents of the Old Testament was covered in the book. It was illustrated with color pictures, which added much to the attractiveness. The book was dedicated by Sister Richards to her grandchildren, and certainly was a valuable record for them to possess. This fine demonstration, while perhaps one of the outstanding features, was typical of what has been accomplished through the enterprising spirit of Relief Society women.

Bear River Stake

ANOTHER demonstration of the effect of Bible reading comes to us from Bear River Stake. This was used in a very beautiful teachers' leaflet, the opening paragraph of which was: "In times past millions have sought solace from care and discouragement, and have found hope, and 'the peace that passeth understanding' from the Book of Books—the Bible." Passages from Scripture, demonstrating the truth of this, followed. The material was wonderfully well chosen, and demonstrated the fact that the Hebrew stories are woven from the fabric of life and have a universal appeal. Their Project also included special attention to Mothers of the Bible. To quote further: "In no other history can there be found so many stories of beautiful mothers as are to be found in the Bible. The singular beauty of the Hebrew women, and the natural warmth of their affections, together with their sublime faith and courage, have combined to 'throw gems of domestic loveliness over the pages of the Bible. From Eve to Mary the Bible presents pictures of womanly beauty and virtue that are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled elsewhere.'"

Austrailian Mission— (Tasmanian District)

FROM one of our most remote Relief Society organizations comes a delightful message from Sister Florence T. Rees, Mission Relief Society President. After having completed a tour of the Mission, which takes practically three months' time, she reports that the work of the Relief Society is progressing most satisfactorily. In this particular branch the young women are a great asset and participate actively in the work of the Relief Society.

One particular sister, however, should receive special attention as her life was most unusual. Sister Alva Eva Lennard's parents were among the early settlers in Australia. A desire for religious freedom prompted their emigration to this distant country. Naturally they found a very great change from what they had expected, and times were hard. Sister Lennard's grandfather was a school master, and the hard labor necessary in a new country was very difficult for him, and he did not live long after arriving. Sister Lennard's grandmother and her mother had the full experience of the pioneer woman with all of its test of courage, faith and strength to meet the problems and surmount the difficulties. Sister Lennard was born in Kapunda, South Australia, and went to live in Adelaide with her parents when eighteen years of age, at which time she began the study of dressmaking, in which she achieved great success, both as a designer and sewer. She was very successful in this business until the time of her marriage. Her husband was not strong, and died, leaving her with three small children to rear and educate. A woman of unusual talent, she soon turned her art of designing to good account, and her services were sought by some of the leading firms in Adelaide. She also received a diploma from London for her excellent cutting. While designing and sewing was her real vocation, she was very fond of music, and became an accomplished singer, which talent she used most freely for Church service. She was deeply impressed with the truth of the Gospel, and became prominent in Church work in Australia. She was President of the Relief Society for more than twelve years, during which time she achieved an enviable reputation far and wide for her sympathy and generosity. She conducted her business until past the age of 65, after which she devoted her time to her Church work. Her services were very greatly in evidence during the depression years. Among other accomplishments that are listed is her skill as a cook, and her friends were witness to her delightful talent in this particular. Her comfortable home was always open to her friends. She set a high standard for herself, and helped others to overcome the petty things of life. Her watchwords were: "Never pity yourself. Be a hard task-master to yourself and

ALVA E. LENNARD

lenient to others." She was still young in spirit and in looks at the time of her passing at 73 years of age. A friend, in writing of her said, "Sister Lennard will be sadly missed, not only in Adelaide, but in the surrounding country, for she was a true friend to many people."

Northern States Mission

IN the very splendid *Magazine* campaign which was conducted last season, some of the agents were asked to give the methods used for their very successful work. The following report came from Sister Marie Meyer, of the Milwaukee District of the Northern States Mission. "The Magazine Agent first of all must put her heart and soul into the work, and have a personal interest in every sister in her branch. She must be humble enough not to rely on her own knowledge, but to seek the guidance of our Heavenly Father in prayer, that she may approach everyone in the right spirit and manner; she should also understand the financial condition of the sisters, as it would be very foolish and unwise to ask one to spend a dollar for the *Relief Society Magazine* when she has not money to buy bread. Here she must find ways and means to raise money by putting on a play or some kind of entertainment. Perhaps taking up a collection from those who are able to spend a few cents to help make someone happy. The three qualities that every agent should have are, humility, tolerance and a heart full of love and charity. For me there is nothing better than the organization of Relief Society, as it helps those who are unfortunate and in distress. Nothing is better to cheer them up and help lift their burdens than the *Relief Society Magazine.* It also enriches their lives, shows them the best way possible to secure new hope and happiness, not only for one day but for every day in the year. The *Magazine,* this little gift of cheer, can be purchased for less than nine cents a month. I feel it is the duty of every Magazine Agent to help the sisters realize what a great messenger of love this Magazine can be made in the home. I made a personal visit to every sister in her home, and in this way made new friends for myself and for the *Relief Society Magazine.*"

St. George Stake

ANOTHER thrilling report of activity in behalf of the *Magazine* came from the St. George Stake. From Sister Elizabeth L. Cox, Magazine Agent for the Stake, came the story of what she accomplished in one of the small Wards of the Stake. To quote Sister Cox, "Last year members of the Stake Board visited the outlying Wards. We found most distressing conditions in many places, and this among people who had formerly been independent. They were discouraged to a point of indifference. We found one particular Ward where there was just one *Relief Society Magazine* for a membership of twenty. However, conditions were such that we could readily understand the reason for this. This one *Magazine* was thoroughly read and passed around for the others to use in the lesson preparation. However, we could only say we were glad that they had this one *Magazine,* and they should get all out of it they could. The visit of the Sisters seemed to kindle anew the spirit of the organization. A party was put on, at which food was sold and the amount realized was enough to cover eighteen subscriptions. Those who were able then added a dime a piece until the 100% was realized, so we know that one hundred per cent can be realized even in the midst of adversity."

Notes to the Field

Enthusiastic Leadership

AN excellent example of what efficient and enthusiastic leadership can do in Relief Society work is related by a member of the General Board after a visit to one of the Stakes. There were two Wards where conditions governing the people were practically identical. Farming and care of the fruit crops offered absorbing occupation for all. In one, the Relief Society Ward President remarked, "The women are too busy, we cannot ask them to come to meetings and carry on to the end of the outlined work. The attendance at the last meetings will decrease until the average for the whole year will be greatly lowered. We are going to close the last of May." The members of the organization took their que from their President. They were not expected to do anything, therefore they could not. There were only two members present at the last meeting held more than two weeks in advance of the regular time for closing. In the other Ward the President said, "Our work is outlined for the year, every lesson has its distinct place in the course, we are asked to carry through to the end, and we *can* do it. Our sisters will feel better pleased to begin vacation if our work is well rounded out." The members felt the spirit of the President and responded splendidly. Out of the enrolled membership of thirty-five, thirty-three were in attendance at the last meeting of the season, June 23rd. The Social Service Lesson, "Health and Disease," was most excellently presented. The members responded, and the whole matter was a fine preparation for the Summer vacation.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIII AUGUST, 1936 No. 8

Editorials

A Profitable Vacation

VACATION days are quickly passing. Are they leaving us something tangible and worthwhile? People who have been strenuously engaged during the winter months need change and rest, but they can get relaxation ofttimes by change of employment.

To those who love literature, time to peruse the pages of books is one of their most delightful pastimes. We urge our officers and members to read during this vacation the three books that will be studied in our literary department next year:

Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years by Carl Sandburg.

Julia Ward Howe, by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott.

Alice Freeman Palmer, by George Herbert Palmer.

Our project on the Old Testament was taken up by our officers and members most enthusiastically and the number of chapters thoughtfully read surpassed our fondest anticipation. Next year we are to have the reading of the New Testament as our project. This will correlate with our theological lessons and our teachers' topic lessons. Each time one reads the books of the New Testament, new light is obtained, new thoughts come that were before unseen. Every woman as she takes her vacation in the mountains, by the lake or under the murmuring trees can take with her a copy of the New Testament, and in these glorious solitudes drink in the spirit that the book has for each one who reads it understandingly.

Growth brings joy, stagnation brings a state of atrophy, so while vacations should be restful, let them be exhilerating with new truths obtained, new light received, new information gained.

Congratulations

ON July 7, 1936, at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace F. Bennett, Sister Augusta Winters Grant, beloved wife of President Heber J. Grant, celebrated her eightieth birthday. Four hundred of her friends were honored with invitations to attend the reception, which was given by President Grant's daughters who left nothing undone to make the affair most delightful.

We congratulate Sister Grant on her long, happy, useful life. We hope she will live for many years to be a joy and comfort to her illustrious husband and his remarkably fine family.

Serenely she has walked through life, making the best of conditions and circumstances and finding joy in asociating with her family and friends, in travel and in reading good books.

For ten years before her marriage she taught school. For a long period of time she was active in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association and was a charter member of the Author's Club and Friendship Circle.

Motherhood has been her crowning achievement. She has successfully reared her own daughter, Mary, and has mothered eight of her husband's daughters by other wives, also five children of her dead brothers and sisters.

Sister Grant exemplifies to all who know her the joys of contentment. She says, "I have always liked to do what I had to do, and I have never wanted anything I couldn't have."

OLD-FASHIONED THINGS

By Viola Stone Card

Afraid to be old-fashioned,
Lest a modern world should sneer,
Lest you lack sophistication,
Which the gay crowd holds so dear?
Know this: the *oldest* fashioned things,
Whose lustre time cannot dim—
Those priceless virtues, eternal
Will be—and have always been!
For what is older than courage—
The courage to nobly dream,
To row against the current
While the crowd drifts with the stream?
Or what is older than simple Truth,
Or Faith, or Sincerity?
Don't be afraid of ridicule,
But dare your best self to be.
For those who achieve true greatness—
Whose lives the years applaud—
Receive of the angels these old-fashioned gifts
Which are as ancient as God.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in October)

THEOLOGY AND TESTIMONY

Lesson I

Christ's Ministry Foretold By The Prophets

Helpful References

In the Old Testament: Deuteronomy 18:15, 18, 19 (compare 3 Nephi 20:23); Isaiah 11:1-5, 10 (See Doctrine & Covenants 113:1-6); 5:2; compare Matthew 2:4-6 and John 7:42.

In the Book of Mormon: 1 Nephi 1:19; 10:4-11; 11:13-33; Mosiah 16:6, 7; Helaman 14:1-28; 3 Nephi 1:10-21. Consult index of Book of Mormon, current edition, under the title of Christ for numerous other references.

In the Pearl of Great Price: Moses 5:6-8; 6:57; 7:54-56. Abraham 3:22-27.

Talmage, Jesus the Christ, Chapter 5.

1. *Scriptures Foretold Coming of a Redeemer.* A few years ago a noted scholar, in the hearing of the writer, made an assertion to the effect that not one passage of scripture in the Old Testament refers to the ministry of the Christ among men. In fact, it has become almost an axiom among certain critics, that the prophets made few or no predictions with reference to the future but rather "always spoke out of a definite historical situation to the present needs of the people among whom they lived." But the revelations of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph make exceedingly plain the declaration that such teaching is not true, especially with reference to the ministry of Christ. It seems to us that in the providences of God the coming advent of the Messiah was too important an event in the plan of salvation not to be made known to the children of men. The Book of Deuteronomy records, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." (18:15, see also verses 18 and 19.) The Church teaches that this scripture refers to the then future advent of the Christ and that Moses, the great law-giver, was the author of it. (3 Nephi 20:23.) Micah, the prophet, who lived about 725 B. C., predicted the place of the Messiah's birth. (5:3). The Gospel of Matthew cites this prophecy with approval; and Herod, the King, was told that Christ would be born "in Bethlehem of Judea." (Matthew 2:4-6). But great as these prophecies are, those of Isaiah are greater. The distinguished contemporary of Micah saw with astonishing clearness the work and suffering of the Redeemer among men. Who can forget His ministry as described in the matchless English of the authorized version in Isaiah 53. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." Handel, the composer, caught the spirit of this scripture

in his, the greatest of all oratorios, the Messiah.

2. Nephites Foresaw Christ's Coming in the Flesh. The Nephite scripture is even more explicit with reference to the coming of the Christ than is the Old Testament. When Nephi spoke of the ministry of his father, Lehi, among the Jews, prior to his leaving Jerusalem, he stated that he "manifested plainly of the coming of a Messiah, and also the redemption of the world." (Nephi 1:19). In one of the more remarkable chapters of the Book of Mormon, Nephi records some of the important facts of the Savior's ministry as predicted by Lehi, including the time of His appearance. "Yea, even six hundred years from the time that my father left Jerusalem, a prophet would the Lord God raise up among the Jews—even a Messiah, or, in other words, a Savior of the world. And he spake concerning the prophets, how great a number had testified of these things, concerning this Messiah, of whom he had spoken, or this Redeemer of the world." Lehi spoke of the preparatory work of John the Baptist, his baptizing the Messiah, the preaching of the latter to the Jews, His death, resurrection, and subsequent manifestation to the Gentiles (1 Nephi 10:4-11). In like manner other Nephite prophets spoke of the ministry and work of the Christ. Abinadi, Samuel the Lamanite, and Nephi, the son of Helaman, gave marvelous testimony to the events incident to the Savior's birth, ministry and death. The testimony of the Book of Mormon makes clear the truth that the central theme of the prophets, the one great thing that gave meaning to their testimony, was the advent and ministry of the Savior of the world.

3. Early Patriarchs Foretold Christ's Coming.

The Pearl of Great Price, too, bears eloquent testimony to the coming of the Savior. When Adam, the great Patriarch of the race, was asked by an angel why he offered sacrifice, he replied, "I know not, save the Lord commanded me." The angel then explained, "This thing is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father, which is full of grace and truth." (See Moses 5:6-8). It is thus seen that the human race was not denied, even from the earliest times, a knowledge of the coming of a Redeemer. Enoch bore explicit testimony of this when he spoke of "Jesus Christ, a righteous Judge, who shall come in the meridian of time." (Moses 6:57.) This great preacher was permitted by the Lord to see into the future and to behold in vision the Christ lifted up on the cross, and the great disturbances of the earth incident thereto. (Moses 7:54-56). Abraham adds his witness to the coming of the Redeemer. The Lord showed him the intelligences organized even before the world was, and also the choice of the Savior. (Abraham 3:22-28). Thus we see in the Old Testament, the Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price a great three-fold witness to the coming ministry of the Christ.

Questions

1. Can you cite any passages from the Old Testament pointing to the advent of the Redeemer other than those given in the lesson?

2. How do you account for the fact that the Book of Mormon is, in many respects, much clearer and more explicit in predicting the advent of Christ than is the Old Testament?

Problems for Further Study

(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Provide a suitable musical selection from Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah.* Have the singer, if possible, say a few words about it, pointing out how Christ's ministry influenced Handel while he was composing it. It is suggested that some sister with musical talents be assigned this part of the lesson. If the selection from the oratorio is unobtainable, select a suitable hymn.

2. Investigate the use made in the Gospel of Matthew of Isaiah's prophecies concerning the Messiah. It is suggested that a good reference Bible be used, and the references to Isaiah be noted and studied. As examples, compare Matthew 8:17 with Isaiah 53:4; and Matthew 12:18-20 with Isaiah 42:1-3. Compare the Gospel writer's love of Isaiah with Nephi's love of him. (See 2 Nephi 25:5.)

3. What can you say concerning the nature of the religious teaching in a good Nephite family? (Consult 2 Nephi 25:23-30; Doctrine & Covenants 84:18-27).

4. Compare the quotation in Matthew 2:15 with Hosea 11:1 and Exodus 4:22, 23. Study the context of the quotation in Hosea carefully and determine if Matthew was literally correct in attributing the coming of Jesus from Egypt as a fulfillment of Hosea's words.

TEACHER'S TOPIC

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR OCTOBER

The Parables of Jesus

Introduction

THE Parables constitute the larger part of Christ's recorded teaching. They contain the fundamental principles and show the love, justice, and compassion that characterized His mission.

Because of their great beauty and the spiritual truths they contain they will be taken as a message to the homes of our people by our Visiting Teachers.

What is a Parable?

"In a restricted sense, it is the name given to a connected narrative, whether of events in human life or of a process in nature, by which some great spiritual truth is illustrated or enforced."

"It is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning."

"A parable is a narration of well known scenes or events in human life and its surroundings for the purposes of giving them a moral or religious application."

"In a parable there is nothing contrary to the truth of nature and to life. If there is, then it is no parable."

Christ used parables to illustrate the truths he wished to teach. They were presented in the form and image of familiar things, common in the world of nature and human experience. They deal with the ideas of the simple people and the incidents and situations with which they were familiar. He had no mysteries to teach, it was His wish that all, even the humble and unlearned should understand Him.

THE LOST SHEEP

Luke 15:1-7.

"Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.

"And he spake this parable unto them, saying,

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

"And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

"I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

Palestine was a pastoral country. Any story in regard to sheep would be immediately understood and appreciated. The country was rough and dangerous, the paths winding and uncertain. There were great dangers to sheep that strayed away.

When the sheep became lost the anxious shepherd searched diligently until it was found. He took it up tenderly on his shoulders and carried it home. It needed his extra protection on account of the experiences through which it had passed. He called the other shepherds together, told them of his joy, related the trouble he had and how he sought everywhere for the sheep that was lost.

There are three points in the application of this parable. First, the sad fate of the sheep that goes astray and is lost. Second, the Shepherd's love and care for the sheep and the care he takes to find it. Third. His joy at finding it.

Just as a shepherd cares for every one in his flock and exerts himself to save a lost sheep, so does Christ care for the welfare of his children individually, and has joy in their recovery and safety. This joy gives hope to the sinner.

The figure of the Good Shepherd has been exceedingly loved in the Church and has frequently been the subject of literature and art throughout the centuries.

We might ask ourselves,

What are our obligations to those who have made mistakes, and how truly do we forgive the repentant lost one?

WORK AND BUSINESS

A series of lessons for those who desire to use them on the second Tuesday of each month will be published in the Magazine. However, it is understood that these are to be used only when there is not sewing or other work to be done for the needy in this period.

Color in the Home

Taken from the Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service, Bulletin M.S. No. 123. 11-2-33.

"To catch enough beauty and charm in our surroundings that members of the household will find gladness and contentment within its shelter."—Missouri Home Creed.

Color is one of the magic means of creating that beauty. Without it the world would be void of charm.

While comfort and convenience are perhaps the first things to plan for in the home, the next thing of importance to stress is beauty, and sincere beauty in a home calls for suitable use of color in every object.

A complete color plan should be made before beginning work on a room, so that the whole may be visualized before work is begun on any part of the unit.

It is not uncommon for people to fear color and little wonder when one thinks of the crimes against harmony that must be frequently faced. Color is truly the home decorators strongest ally; yet, it too frequently becomes her strongest bugaboo. Color may lend a doleful atmosphere, a bizaare effect to the whole room; yet, it may be used so as to produce a room pleasingly restful and inviting.

To avoid tragic color effects in decorating; those that over-stimulate, even irritate; those so glum as to be depressing, to produce other trying conditions, a knowledge of few simple facts and rules is essential.

Helpful suggestions are to be found in *Handicraft for Every Woman.*

Lesson I

Color in the Home

References. *Basic Principles of Art,* Part 2, C. Pages 24-26, 58-59, *Handicraft for Every Woman.*

PAY particular attention to differences in Primary colors of light and the Primary colors of pigment, and how you would apply this knowledge to the beautifying of your home. Pigment colors are the ones we use in paint, dye and calcimine. Following is an interesting demonstration to be given at meeting to make the women conversant with color. Use either commercial dye (3 pkgs, one red, one yellow, one blue) or use calcimine 5 cents worth of red, of yellow and of blue. Be sure to ask for pure primary colors. With either medium prepare them at home. A number of small cups are necessary. With the dye use white cloth as your subject, with calcimine use white type paper cut in strips. First divide each color into three. Dilute one ½, one ⅓ and the other undiluted. This gives you three intensities; a tint, a stronger color and a hue. Make your sample by dipping in your cloth or paper and pin up to dry. Now mix a red tint and a blue tint-orchid. A red tint and yellow tint—orange tint. Continue until you have crossed all your tints. Cross your stronger colors, then, your hues. Now combine all three primary tints, etc. to get your grays. From this knowledge you can now experiment intelligently and produce any color desired. Let the women come up and play with the colors. It's a great deal of fun. After you have mixed all the colors you care to, pick out the most beautiful samples. Then arrange them for a study of harmony and a study of contrast. Suggest that the women go home and dye some rags for rugs and modify the commercial calcimine to their own taste. They will enjoy their rooms much more if a little individuality is in them.

Note: Write your State Agricultural College Extension Division for suggestions.

LITERATURE

(For Third Week in October)

Lesson I

Alice Freeman Palmer

Introduction

"Everybody reads biography today."

This sentence is taken from a magazine called "Modern Literature." In the late nineties the essay was pushed from the drawing-room table and the novel took its place. Now the novel has been pushed to one side and biography has threatened to take its place. In the best selling lists, biography and fiction run side by side. This change has come about because the processes of life have become so complex and the cry for leadership so insistent that stories of courage and notable achievement are demanded. This demand has been met in a measure by the writings of the modern biographer. Then, too, biography has adopted the technique of the novel; thereby greatly increasing its vogue and effectiveness.

As a result we have a stream of literary biography that has flowed on for many years, and is yet at high tide. To name a few who have achieved distinction in this field we call to mind Andre Maurois of France, Lytton Strachey of England, Emil Ludwig of Germany, Henrik William Van Loon of Holland, and Van Wyck Brooks of the United States.

It has been said on good authority that the test of highest merit in a prose writer is that he can lend interest to anything he writes. A drama that is not entertaining fails. So it is with the novel and the literary biography. They must be interesting. In this respect the literary biographers have generally succeeded. What they write is nearly always marked by great selective power. They do not use material that is dull and boring. Interest is maintained in many ways. Sometimes, as in the case of Rembrandt, the painter, it is brought about by presenting a personality whose very existence seems to disturb sufficiently to cause unexpected and alluring things to happen. Sometimes it results from narrating a life that can only be interpreted by carrying with it the whole sweep of the history of the time. Such is true of the life of Abraham Lincoln and other great pioneers. It is notably true in the case of both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. Consequently it is reasonable to suppose that no adequate biography of King Albert of Belgium could be written without throwing further light on the World War. Added to the ability to select what is of interest comes the power to relate it in a concise and attractive manner, or to borrow the words of another, it must be recorded "with beauty of substance and beauty of form."

Many years ago Thomas Carlyle told us that "a well written life is as rare as a well lived one." It is safe to say that Carlyle would have great satisfaction in reading some of the modern biographies. A recent article on literary biographies, speaking of the method employed, tells

us that the new biographer must become thoroughly at home in the world he is seeking to portray. To this end "he devours all the material on the subject; letters, diaries, deeds, official records, histories of the period, other biographies, the files of old newspapers, and possibly he visits the scene of important events in the career of the subject of his biography.

"All of this material must be carefully weighed and sifted, for the sincere biographer, like the honest portrait painter, must tell the truth as he sees it. Blind hero-worship does not make a good biography, nor the attempt to belittle the hero through sensational gossip. The honest biographer avoids both these pitfalls in his quest for the real man.

"When the biographer has selected and absorbed his material, then he is ready to write his biography. He can picture for the reader the man he now feels he knows intimately. Sure of his material, he can write vividly and freely."

The new biography of Robert E. Lee which has drawn so much praise from critics meets the standards of a good biography. Its author, Douglas Southall Freeman, is described as "thorough, patient, honest, with a true gift for research. He was nineteen years preparing the biography. In his patient research for material he went to sources not before consulted in Lee biographies; manuscripts of old Southern families, Lee's unpublished military papers, the records of the Bureau of Engineers, and the United States Military Academy." Through his work we are told we may "glimpse the shining spirit of the man."

Gamaliel Bradford, who is described as one of the keenest and most renowned of American biographers, when asked to define biography said:

"Biography is not a cold, bare, remote study of strange creatures and impossible events. It is simply a study of human nature, of beings who lived and died and suffered and achieved, just like you and me. . . . Biography is the study of human beings, what they have been, what they are, what they may be, and above all, what they can do."

The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer

We are told we may "glimpse the shining spirit of the man" in the new biography of Robert E. Lee. That is precisely what George Herbert Palmer is seeking to have us do in the case of his gifted wife, Alice Freeman Palmer. His biography is a study of personality. Mr. Palmer tells us that at her death he received nearly 2,000 letters "from statesmen, school girls, clerks, lawyers, teachers, country wives, outcasts, millionaires, ministers, men of letters"—to him largely an unknown company, "but alike in feeling the marvel of her personality and the loss her death had caused them." President Tucker said, "There is no other of our generation, with the possible exception of Phillips Brooks, who has stood to such a degree for these qualities in which we must all believe with unquenchable faith, if we are to do anything in this world." And President Elliot added, "To my mind this career is unmatched by that of any other American woman. Mrs. Palmer's life and labors are the best example thus far set before American womanhood." Yet, we are told, "She lived no longer than most of us. She had no early advantage of birth, physical vigor, or station. Half her years were passed in comparative poverty. During only nine did she

hold positions which could be called conspicuous. . . . .Yet by personal power rather than by favoring circumstance this woman sent out an influence unique in kind and puzzling those on whom it fell."

Alice Elvira Freeman was born February 21, 1855, at Colesville, Broom County, New York. She was grateful that she had been born in the country, and later, when she contacted "the great town's harsh heart-wearying roar" she renewed herself by lying in green grass or walking by the bank of a favorite brook in deep woods. She passed part of her life near the Susquehanna River. "When I went a thousand miles westward to college in 1872," says she, "I bore remembrances of our magnificent river, its enormous width, strong currents, and terrible freshets." Mr. Palmer is sure that the economic struggle of her early life had much to do with the development of Alice's mind and particularly with her fine attitude toward life. Both her maternal grandmother and her mother had been teachers. Her father farmed for some years, then suddenly made up his mind to study medecine. It is not entirely clear how the family got along in his absence, but they managed and later moved to Windsor, New York, where he became a country doctor. At Windsor, Alice showed a deep interest in her father's work, feeling keenly the suffering of the afflicted ones whom he served.

Her elementary education had been desultory. She had picked up what she could in the schools of her native village, but now in Windsor she was to attend an academy. Alice entered in September, 1865. Now her education really began. All through her life she acknowledged her indebtedness to the school and in 1901, a speaker at its semi-centennial celebration, she paid her mead of praise. When she was twelve, four schools of Broom County held a literary contest. Each school was to prepare a set of compositions. These were to be put in charge of a delegate for arrangements and for public reading. The other schools chose teachers as delegates; Windsor chose her. She carried off the prize on all three counts for arrangement, for reading, and for her own composition.

She was seventeen years of age when she left Windsor to attend college. She had concluded that the University of Michigan was the best place for a woman to study. However, selecting a university was not her only trouble. Her father felt that he could not give all of his children a college education, and as his family consisted of three daughters and a son, the son should be the one to receive the training. Alice urged that if they would give her the opportunity she would in turn assist the other children. This promise she kept faithfully.

When she reached Ann Arbor she found that her training at Windsor had not been adequate. However, President James B. Angell, who had chatted with her, induced the faculty to try her for six weeks, for said he: "I was confident she would demonstrate her capacity to go on with her class. I need only add that it was soon apparent to her instructors that my confidence was fully justified."

In one of her letters written after her entrance into the University she says: "My special studies this semester are Juvenal's satires, Calculus, and Astronomy, with all of which I am delighted." Once during her college course word from home told her of financial disappointments, so she made up her mind to do a little

teaching to help herself. She went to the Ottowa High School in Illinois, and became its head. This was her first venture in teaching; she was not yet twenty years of age. The residents of Ottowa tried to induce her to teach the year following, but she told them politely that she must finish her college course. While at the University, President Angell had said she was an excellent scholar. She had to plan carefully to make ends meet, but she was deeply religious, a fact that accounts for her cheerfulness and never fading hope.

In 1876 she was graduated from the University of Michigan. She did graduate work from time to time, although her thesis was never completed, her sister Stella's death interfering. In 1882 the University conferred on her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She was teaching at Saginaw, Michigan, where her family joined her, and her father continued to practice medicine.

When Wellesley opened, its founder appealed to President Angell for teachers. A number of graduates from the University of Michigan had places on the faculty. President Angell had told them they should obtain Miss Freeman's service, so they offered her the head of the department of history, which she accepted. She attracted attention at once. The founder of Wellesley, Mr. Durant, often consulted her on administration matters.

While teaching at Wellesley she had a hemorrhage of the lungs. Dr. Bowditch advised France, intimating that her condition was serious. She went to New York and consulted Dr. Willard Parker, who, she wrote, "tells me I can live if I have character and courage enough. He made her feel how prodigal she was in the expenditure of energy. He sent her to the open air to exercise in breathing and prescribed food and care. She took to heart his advice, so that when eight years later she was examined, the lesion had entirely disappeared."

On November fifteenth, Miss Freeman was appointed vice-president and acting-president for the year. Virtually she was president, as the health of her predecessor made her immediate withdrawal necessary. And so we have this struggling girl who at seventeen had entered the University of Michigan conditionally, receiving an appointment of professor of history at Wellesley at twenty-four, and at twenty-six becoming its president.

Questions

1. How do you account for the popularity of modern biography?
2. From what field of literature has it copied its technique?
3. How can poverty, if not crushing, develop character?
4. Why did Miss Freeman select the University of Michigan, so far away from her home, as the place to do her college work?
5. Her home in New York State was on the Susquehanna River. How does that river connect with Latter-day Saint history?
6. May people generally receive refreshment through communing with nature? If so, what should they do?

Note: For additional material consult the first six chapters of the "Life of Ailce Freeman Palmer," by George Herbert Palmer.

SOCIAL SERVICE

(For Fourth Week in October)

Lesson I

The Prevention of Crime

Text: Civic Sociology, Edward A. Ross; Chapter XII.

The greater part of crime could be prevented through a more general understanding of its causes and the proper guidance of youth. Analytical study reveals the fact that adult criminality usually has its origin in early childhood. But many adults have a false impression of crime. If they acquire their knowledge of crime through yellow journalism, sensational radio accounts, and similar forms of publicity they are apt to think of crime as the product of the moment and as related to the immediate act of the violator. This is a mistaken idea. Just as wholesome childhood leads to adult well-being, criminal tendencies almost invariably originate in early life. Although there is much truth in the impression that the gutter urchin of today is the criminal of tomorrow, a large percentage of delinquent children come from homes where better guidance could be expected. However, the prevention of crime is a problem which is restricted neither to guidance within the home nor to community agencies alone. It involves the combined efforts of both; they are inextricably bound together.

Through recent statistical studies the emphasis on juvenile delinquency has been changed from punishment to prevention. And the interesting point is that the same agencies which have helped to rehabilitate children who have stepped aside are finding it possible to help the neglected child to adjust to society before wrong doing occurs. Such experiments present a tremendously interesting challenge to past methods by revealing the possibility of crime prevention. But this necessitates a thorough understanding of the causes of crime. The present lesson is devoted to this end by developing the following points:

1. To acquire a knowledge of the causes of juvenile delinquency with an understanding of its relationship to later adult criminality.

2. To devise ways of social cooperation for the prevention of delinquency.

3. To understand the difference between the control of crime and the recharting of the life of the potential criminal in his early childhood.

In order to understand the present lesson it is necessary to define delinquency. A delinquent child is one who is acted upon officially by police officers or court authorities. But many children who are not officially delinquent possess anti-social tendencies which later result in unlawful behavior. Therefore, in this lesson the term will be used in its larger meaning and include those who have delinquent tendencies. This larger interpretation is given so that the problem may be approached from as broad a standpoint as possible. All adult criminals do not have juvenile court records, but in almost every case the crime can

be traced to some cause or tendency belonging to his early life.

A delinquent act is a part of the accumulated life process which can be understood only in relation to the sequence of experiences of which it is a part. The causes for a child's going astray are intimately related to all the factors in his development; they are part of his total personality. Crime is undoubtedly bound up with juvenile difficulties and behavior problems which have accumulated uncorrected from childhood and adolescence.

At the United States Attorney General's Conference on crime held in Washington, December, 1934, the following resolution was adopted: (*National Probation Association Year Book,* 1935, pg. 200.) "The conference recognizes that criminal careers usually originate in the early years of neglected childhood, and that the most fundamental and hopeful measures of crime prevention are those directed toward discovering the underlying factors in the delinquency of children, and strengthening and coordinating the resources of the home, the school, and the community for child training and child guidance."

Since it has been shown conclusively by a statistical study of 14,000 juvenile court cases made in Los Angeles County in 1934, that approximately 70% of these cases need never be if homes and community agencies could combine their efforts to prevent crime, society is naturally confronted with the question: "Who is Delinquent?" The child, the home, the school, the church, or the community? The answer undoubtedly includes all these.

Often parents are blind to faults in their children; or they give up the attempt to train them properly in a hopeless gesture of despair; or perhaps, they do not understand what some of the tendencies may lead to. Misunderstandings also arise because of the conflict between youth and age in their differing points of view on contemporary problems. But recent studies also show that broken homes, friction within the home, and even misunderstandings over social problems are not as frequent causes of delinquency as an unsatisfactory economic situation. Where children are hungry and have but little to look forward to in life they develop undesirable tendencies readily. Slovenliness is a large factor. When home conditions are less inviting than street influences, the problem of guidance is relegated to some agency outside the home. But the statistical picture reveals that most delinquent children have no church affiliations. Very, very few of them have hobbies to ride. Instead of being centered on wholesome activities, their interests are focused on the lurid and ever-present accounts of gangdom. Very few of them have group membership in any organization such as scouting, play centers, or character building clubs and camps. Although these organizations do reach an enormous number of children, they fail to reach many who need them most either because the children fail to avail themselves of the opportunities offered or they are barred from membership as being undesirable. Yet, the pitiful part about the picture of delinquency is that over half of the cases studied have less than what is called average intelligence. True, most of them range around the upper sub-normal level, but they gradually descend to a very low degree of mentality. These are the children who cannot keep up with their classes in school. Lacking the men-

tal ability to turn to anything partaking of an intellectual nature, they stand most in need of guidance towards wholesome activities and outlets for the normal gang instincts and emotions. But unfortunately they receive the least. But if society ever is to be rid of the menace of crime, it is on this strata of humanity that welfare agencies must concentrate; and society must realize that crime prevention is a social responsibility.

Truancy from school has been called the kindergarten of crime. It is generally a combination of habit, suppression by authority, a resulting defensive action on the part of the child, and a relative enjoyment in the out-of-school environment. Parents should never look lightly upon the habit; they should strive to remove the cause of the difficulty.

It is estimated that approximately 5% of the school children are potential delinquents, but because of neglect and improper guidance, often many others are brought to the attention of the Juvenile Court.

The following tables showing the work of the Juvenile Court of the Third Judicial District of Utah are typical since the district comprises three counties, including both urban and rural conditions and representing a population of 204,040:

Juvenile Court Cases
Third Judicial District
State of Utah

	1934	1935
Total Cases	1,049	1,013
Delinquency	917	871
Dependency of Neglect	118	142
Others	14	0

The following table shows the nature of the offenses committed by the delinquents listed above:

Reason for Reference to Court
(Delinquency

	1934	1935
Total Cases	917	871
Automobile Stealing	34	29
Burglary	91	75
Holdup	3	0
Other Stealing	353	330
Carelessness or Mischief	117	62
Traffic Violation	65	139
Truancy	106	114
Running Away	43	49
Ungovernable	45	34
Sex Offense	31	27
Injury to Person	8	1
Use of Liquor or Drugs	12	8
Other Violations	12	13

Of the 1934 cases girls account for 115
Of the 1935 cases girls account for 151

Of the above cases stealing was the outstanding cause of difficulty, including automobile theft accounting for 384 and 359 cases respectively for the years 1934-35. Destructive mischief is the second cause in importance of numbers. In the above cases 64% are from homes where both parents are living together and only 36% from broken homes.

The above cases were disposed of for the year 1934 as follows:

Disposition:	
Total Cases	917
Remaining under Supervision of Court Chiefly by Probation Officer	368
Dismissed After Warning	497
Committed to a State Institution	31
Other Disposition	21

The ages of the above delinquents were as follows:

Age of Delinquents:	1934
7 Years Old	5
8 Years Old	12
9 Years Old	16
10 Years Old	40
11 Years Old	32
12 Years Old	74
13 Years Old	112
14 Years Old	113
15 Years Old	165
16 Years Old	204
17 Years Old	139
18 Years Old	5

This table shows that the early teens is the period when the great-

est number become delinquent. Beginning adolescence, when the child seeks to break away from parental authority is a dangerous period in youthful development. Without thoughtful study parents have great difficulty in understanding the motives which prompt their children to act.

The obligation of meeting this problem is a social one. The value of adult education in its attempts to raise the level of parental intelligence and insight in regard to behavior problems of children will be discussed in a following lesson. Although there is a general awakening and an increasing understanding of the situation, statistics show that there is much yet to be accomplished. There must be a coordination of all the agencies and activities organized for the benefit of young people. Churches must evolve schemes which will develop an adequate philosophy of life in the lives of those young people who are not regularly under the direction of auxiliary organizations. Those who are in regular attendance at the meetings designed for their benefit are not, as a rule, the ones who become delinquent, but those who are not in regular contact with such an organization. The National Probation Association found that 13% of the cases studied had no church connections or else they attended very irregularly. The teachings of the Master should be kept in mind. He left the ninety and nine and went out after the one lost sheep, not being content until he had found it and restored it to the fold. If the church loses its interest and hold on young people in the adolescent years, there is something radically wrong either with its organization or else with its administration. Youth needs to have religion interpreted in terms of life situations, and to be shown how to translate the ideals and principles of religion into everyday behavior.

To quote further from the conference on crime prevention: "It commends the progress that has been made in certain states and localities in drawing together through such agencies as coordinating councils all available local forces to combat unwholesome influences upon youth. It urges state and national leadership through appropriate governmental and voluntary organization in fostering the development of these coordinating agencies, the provision of constructive educational, vocational, and recreational opportunities for youth, and the provision of competent, skilled service to children in need of guidance and correction."

It is necessary to differentiate between the prevention of crime and its control. There is no longer any question about the relative costs or the enormous sums of taxpayers' money that is spent on criminal procedure only to result in a futile miscarriage of justice. The subject of control indicates police protection, court measures, and such subjects. The text discusses this aspect rather fully. What we are most interested in is the problem of prevention as it centers in the home and the community.

Activities

1. Submit a plan for your Stake to cooperate with other agencies to develop a coordinating council for the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

2. What has been done in your ward to gain the interests of those young people who are not affiilated with any organization?

3. Prepare a list of suggestions pointing out how our church could acquire the active interests of a larger number of young people and

hold that interest through the adolescent period.

References

1935 Year Book National Probation Association, 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York.

Who Is Delinquent? Los Angeles County Plan of Coordinating Councils. Rotary Club of Los Angeles, California.

CHILD GUIDANCE

Lesson I.

Parental Responsibility

Life is a glorious gift from Our Father in Heaven. We are given the opportunity of going away to school to grow and develop, to gain an experience that is necessary for eternal happiness. Spirits cannot be made perfect without its body of flesh and bones, and the testing that comes from meeting the conditions of this life. The greatest blessing that is given to mankind is that of becoming co-workers with Our Father in Heaven in giving His spiritual children the gift of life, and the added blessing of helping these children to attain the best growth and development possible.

To Latter-day Saints who understand God's Plan "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man," motherhood and fatherhood become not a duty but a privilege. "We regard children literally as a gift from God committed to our parental care, for whose support, protection and training in righteousness we shall be held to a strict accounting." (*The Vitality of Mormonism.*)

As parents we are accountable not only for this care in the years of childhood but in a sense for all of life—but more essentially for the period of dependance and adjustment—childhood and adolescence.

If a child is allowed to stand on its feet before its legs are sufficiently strong, physical deformity may result. If the young man or woman is forced into the world to care for himself before he has sufficient understanding and development and power of resistance, spiritual and moral deformity may result. The parent who makes this mistake will not be held guiltless.

In addition to the spiritual significance of children, the parent should **want** her children because she lives through them; her life goes on through the generations expressing itself in each new descendant. Her personal life is also enriched many fold by the contribution to her thought and feeling of every joy and sorrow of each child and grandchild. Children should be wanted, then, to fill up the void our lives would be without them, especially during our declining years. Lawson G. Lowry, a psychiatrist, has said "Being a parent is the most important job any of us has. We live in our children, so it behooves us to do a good job."

But Latter-day Saint parents should want their children for deeper reasons than the strictly personal one. To them it should be the most important office they perform in the spiritual plan of

the Church. Through modern revelation we were given the following: "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God; for, behold, the Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him." (Doc. and Cov. 18:10, 11.) Begetting children is only the first stage in fulfilling parental obligation. Proper training and care are equally important. Mosiah admonishes. "And ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the master of sin, or who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers, he being an enemy to all righteousness. But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another." (Mosiah 4:14, 15.)

Improper care and training is one way in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children "unto the third and fourth generation," not through the blood stream so much as through the poor methods of living that are handed down by tradition. The quality of the training given children is equally as important as the quantity of children. Parents should carefully plan their family life so that adequate opportunities for developing into a wholesome personality are afforded every child.

Froebel, one of the greatest pioneers in child care and training said, "God is to be our Father, yet we are far from being fathers to our own children. We presume to have insight into divine things, and yet we neglect as unworthy of notice those human relations which are a key to the divine."

Fortunately, the proper training of children usually improves the personalities of the parents as well. The great responsibility of being a successful parent should force us to be more wholesome characters than we might otherwise be. Children add ballast to the ideals of the parents. This point is well illuminated by Will Durant, one of America's most popular living philosophers:

"Example is so powerful that if it is good, nothing else is necessary. The best home and the best school, other things equal, are those that govern least. It is remarkable how well-behaved a child can be without punishments and without commands. When the libertarian method fails it is most often because we parents ourselves violate the rules we would have our children obey. We counsel temperance, and eat and drink to excess; we teach amiability, and quarrel publicly; we inveigh against the dangers of candy and violent moving pictures, but surreptitiously we indulge in them until the child finds us out. We ask for gentleness loudly, and rudely command courtesy; we advise modesty, and pose as infallible gods. But children learn by what they see us do, not by what we tell them; when they are most troublesome it is very likely that they are imitating our past performances. Show me your children and I will tell you what you are." (Will Durant, *Mansions of Philosophy*, p. 242.)

What has been said up to this

point does not directly apply to many parents, since they *want* and love their children more than all else in the world. This affection is usually the parents' only equipment for properly rearing their children. Granted the desire, *how* to do the best job of training our children still puzzles most of us. Moreover, **knowing how,** doesn't always lead to accomplishing the task. Paul complained, "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but **how** to perform that which is good I find not: for the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." (Rom. 7:18, 19.) Our knowledge generally outstrips our conduct.

The parents who love their children most sometimes make failures of them. Usually the affection of such parents is narrowly selfish and is not calculated to promote the ultimate welfare of the child. Because the emotion of love is so strong, the point of view and needs of the child are often completely overlooked. A psychiatrist has said, "The noblest sacrifice a parent can make for his child is to step gracefully and unobtrusively into the background of his child's life as the child's need for him naturally grows less and less." But this does not mean that the parent's task is completed when the child enters school, nor is it always completed when he is graduated from college at twenty-two. The transition into adulthood is a most treacherous one, and the child needs to be **understood** as he struggles to become an adult with a definite role in the world's work. His problems are no longer simple as they usually were as a child. The parent who would be successful to the end must tax her intelligence now as never before. She must search her heart with great diligence in the attempt to see her boy's or girl's point of view. She must show the courage to relinquish authority and control at times even when it is extremely painful; and she must exercise enough judgment to avoid producing an outcast from the home.

Love is the guiding light and driving force in the noble art of parenthood; but unless it is enlightened by knowledge, it may defeat its own purpose.

Problems for Discussion

1. State some reasons why parenthood should mean more to Latter-day Saints than to other people.
2. Show how children educate their parents. Give concrete examples.
3. Why do parents find such great difficulty practicing what they may know about proper care and training of children? What are some of the influences competing against proper parental treatment?
4. Show how unenlightened parental love may handicap the personality of the child.
5. What is the effect on the child of a parent's not wanting him?
6. Show the advantages of planning a complete family program, which includes not only bringing children into the world but also provision for their proper care and training throughout the growth period to adulthood.
7. What place would you say proper care and training of our children will have in shaping our exaltation in the hereafter?

Magazine Drive

To Relief Society Stake Presidents:
Dear Sisters:

The time for our special Magazine Drive is from September 15 to October 15. All plans for this should now be decided upon. We hope the Stake and Ward Agents will be alert and work unceasingly until success crowns their efforts.

The Executive Officers should be ready to assist the agents. Often they can secure subscriptions where agents are unsuccessful in doing so.

All subscriptions taken from October 15, 1935, to October 15, 1936, will be counted in connection with the Honor Roll and awards to agents.

To Our Magazine Agents

We deeply appreciate the work done by our Magazine Agents in past years. They have worked enthusiastically, efficiently and unselfishly. Last season was outstanding—we reached the highest circulation in our history. More Wards attained the hundred per cent quota than ever before and many climbed up to between seventy-five and one hundred per cent It has taken a great deal of work to reach this high standard, and we thank all those who made this success possible.

Unfortunately some did not have their records printed on the last Honor Roll in the Magazine who should, because they did not reach the office in time. We urge that this season the reports be sent in promptly. Stake Agents should not wait for Wards that are late until the prompt Wards fail to get credit in the published list. Reports should contain the following information, and should be sent in by November 10th: Name of Ward, Stake, Enrollment, No. of Subscriptions, Per Cent, Name of Magazine Agent.

Stake Agents must have their reports in the Magazine office by November 10, 1936, in order to have them published in the Magazine and to compete for awards.

Each Ward is asked to have as its goal a subscription list equal to the number of Relief Society members in its organization. We trust the following suggestions will be carried out by our Agents:

1. Know the worth of the Magazine.
2. Be prepared to talk intelligently on what it contains.
3. Do the work in a business-like way.
4. Study the art of salesmanship.
5. Keep records accurately.
6. Send in subscriptions legibly written and containing the necessary information: Name, Address, When Subscription begins, and Amount of money sent.

(a) It is very important that agents should be accurate in stating the month each subscriber wishes to commence. This will help us to avoid mailing two copies of the same number to a subscriber. It will also tend to alleviate much work and expense in making the changes later.

This list with the money should be sent directly by the Ward Agents to the Magazine office in Salt Lake City.

Each agent should carefully read the following instructions before beginning her work.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE AGENTS

Subscriptions Payable in Advance: The subscription price of the *Relief*

Society Magazine is $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions will not be accepted at the Magazine office unless accompanied by a remittance, and Magazines will not be mailed to subscribers until the subscription price has been paid. In order to comply with this ruling and to avoid errors, subscriptions will not be taken by telephone at the Magazine office.

Receipt Book, Use of: Agents should give each subscriber a receipt for money received. The agent should keep a record on the corresponding stub in the receipt book, of the name of the subscriber, the amount received, and the period covered by the subscription. This record will serve as a guide to the agent in soliciting renewals. Agents are supplied with receipt books by the *Relief Society Magazine* office upon request, or from their stake representative.

Subscription Blanks, Use of: All subscriptions taken by agents should be written on subscription blanks. A separate blank should be used for subscribers in different towns. Care should be taken that all names are spelled correctly. Agent should sign her own name and address on each blank sent in so that a receipt may be mailed to her. Subscription blanks are supplied by the *Relief Society Magazine* office, upon request or from their stake representative.

Give Complete Address: Agents will please give the *correct* and *complete* post office address opposite every subscription entered on the blanks so that subscribers will not be disappointed and Magazines lost.

A subscription for a stake or ward Relief Society organization should be addressed in care of an officer of that organization, who will be responsible to the Society for the Magazines.

Change of Address: Requests for change of address should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank. Give the *old* as well as the *new* address. If it is necessary to change a name, give the name as it is now appearing on the Magazine, as well as the name as it should appear in the future.

Renewals: When a subscription is renewed, give the name exactly as it appeared on the previous subscription. Be sure to state with which number of the Magazine the subscriber wishes to begin the renewal, so that two copies of the Magazines will not be received for the same month, or so that a number of the Magazine will not be missed.

Complaints: Complaints should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank.

Remittances: Money received for subscriptions should be remitted by check or money order made payable to *Relief Society Magazine.*

Address of Magazine Office: Subscriptions and letters regarding subscriptions should be addressed to *Relief Society Magazine,* 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Agents: *Relief Society Magazine* agents give their services, without a commission, just as do other Relief Society officers and workers, and pay for their own subscriptions. However, in order that they will not be at personal expense, they may deduct the cost of postage and money order from the amount sent in for subscriptions, unless this amount is paid by the Ward Relief Society General Fund.

HONOR ROLL AND AWARDS TO AGENTS

I. Honor Roll:

All wards reporting a subscription list of 75 to 99 per cent of their mem-

bership will have their names and the names of the agents published on our Honor Roll. All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 100 per cent or over of their membership will not only have their names and the names of the successful agents published on a special honor roll but will receive from the General Board a certificate of appreciation.

II. Awards:

(a) To the ten ward agents obtaining the highest percentage of subscriptions, a bound volume of the *Relief Society Magazine* will be presented at the General Conference of the Relief Society April, 1937. (Note: If agents earning awards are not in attendance, the book will be sent to them.)

(b) To all ward agents not receiving a bound volume, who obtain subscriptions equal to 75 per cent or above of their membership, providing such subscription list contains a minimum of 25 names, a one-year subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine* will be awarded.

All subscriptions received from October 15, 1935, to October 15, 1936, will be counted in the 1936 campaign.

(Subscriptions received after October 15, 1936, will be credited in the 1937 Drive.)

President Rudger Clawson says: "The *Relief Society Magazine* is a wonderful Magazine. You must never forget that it is the Relief Society organ, it is your publication, it belongs to you, it is issued for your benefit. If a Relief Society Sister should come to me and say, 'Brother Clawson, what is my responsibility to the Church publications?' I should say without hesitation, 'My dear Sister, your first obligation in this matter is to subscribe for the *Relief Society Magazine*. In it you will find every instruction and teaching that is necessary for you, and then after that, if you want to subscribe for other magazines, it is all right, but for you, it should be the *Relief Society Magazine first.*'"

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By Alice Lee Eddy

It's funny about birthdays—how they change.
They always used to be so gay and jolly
But now it's just another lonely day,
Futile and dull with haunting melancholy.
Until you speak,—"It means a lot to me,
It gave me you." So tender is your smile
That suddenly it is a happy day.
Undoubtedly these birthdays are worth while!

1850

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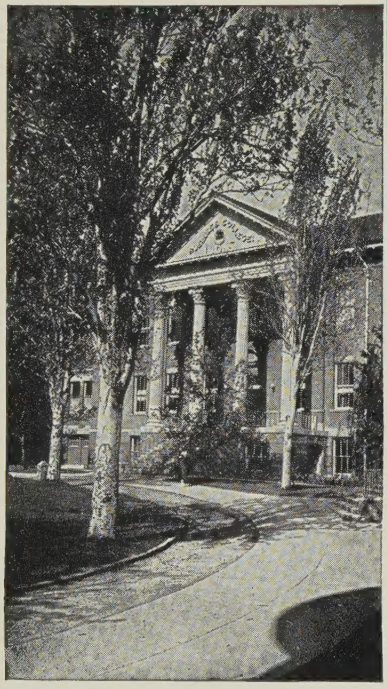

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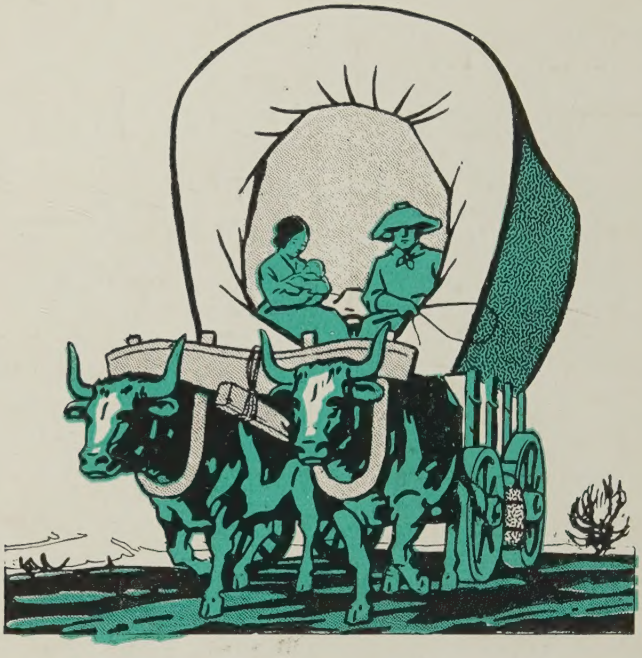

DEDICATED

This message is dedicated to those courageous and self-reliant Pioneer women who established under Divine inspiration the world's first relief organization; who drove ox teams and pushed hand carts across a thousand miles of trackless plains; and who have left to us who remain to carry on, ideals of self-reliance and integrity.

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